# THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

A FAMILY WEEKLY PERIODICAL----Devoted to Literature, Science, Domestic and Foreign News, Mechanics, Agriculture, Education, Finance, Amusements, &c.----INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

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J. M. Shenk
ELIZABETHTOWN
Lancaster Co. PA
(care L. A Crouse)
25 19


Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.

## I DREAMED OF THEE.

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY.

I dreamed of thee last night—
A glorious, glorious dream;
We sat in the soft twilight,
As of old, by the meadow stream.

Thy blue eyes smiled in mine,
Thy beautiful, beautiful eyes,
Like golden May sunshine
Dropping from violet skies.

The dark lay thick around
When the sweet dream passed away,
But the shadows that blackly frowned
*Were just on the edge of day.*

I thought of the long, long years,
Like clouds in warm June skies,
That have come and have gone in tears
Since I looked in thy sweet blue eyes.

I knew we should sit no more
As we sat in my beautiful dream,
Away on the olden shore
Down there by the meadow stream.

I thought of the cold, cold heart
That once beat warmly for me,
And struggling tears would start
For the dear old times and thee.

I knew it was weak and vain,
Yet suffered the stream to flew;
It wound through the vista-plain,
And watered the long-ago!

The beautiful crimson dawn
Came, flushing the orient sea;
The shadows of night were gone,
And sorrowful thoughts of thee.

Oh, thus life's visions bright
In darkness fade away,
But over this earthly Night
Is a crimson dawn of Day!

## ORIGINAL PRIZE STORY.

## "LINDEN HALL."

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY M. A. EDWARDS.


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[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER XXXV.

I have told how one great shadow was lifted from my heart. And now another was chased away by the light of joy.

It was but a few days after the receipt of Lelia's letter that, as I sat thinking over all that she had written, I heard a gentle tap at the door.

"Come in, Miss Lovell," I said.

It always did me good to look at her kind face, but when she took her seat near me I was truck by a peculiar expression I had never seen there, and I exclaimed involuntarily, "Miss Lovell, you have some news for me."

"You are right, my dear, I have heard from Miss Ogden."

"Miss Ogden! Did she say she expected to make us a visit?"

"No, but she mentioned in her letter that they have had news from Africa."

Mr. Lane had frequently said that he was certain my brother had taken passage in a ship bound for the Gold Coast, but I had so often been disappointed in this subject that I was afraid to ask any questions.

She seemed surprised at my silence, and continued, "A sailor, who has just returned from Africa, has been staying at Mr. Lane's for a few days."

"And my brother? Did he know anything of my brother?"

"Yes, my dear, your brother was on the vessel."

I dared not ask the next question, but good Miss Lovell anticipated me, "He is alive and well, Serena."

"Thank God!" I exclaimed, but then I could say no more for a moment, and then inquired, "And where is he?"

"Miss Ogden thought he would soon be here. In fact, my dear, I may as well tell you now, the sailor was your brother."

I looked into her truthful eyes. "He is here! he is in this house!" I cried. "Tell me it is so."

"He is indeed here, my love; but be calm—"

I waited to hear no more, but flew from the room, and in another moment was clasped in my brother's arms. It was long before either could speak coherently. We were so overpowered by our emotion; but we gradually became calmer. When we were seated on a soft, clasping each other's hands as if fearful of being separated again, he told me all his wonderful history, his perilous adventures.

In a fit of desperation, he embarked in a vessel bound for Africa, expecting to be gone three years. His three years had lengthened into five, and what an eventful five years it had been. It seemed like a life-time to me when I looked back upon it; and to him, poor fellow! it had been more terrible still.

He had been taken by a pirate ship, off the coast of Africa. I shuddered when he told of the cruel hardships and long imprisonment he had undergone; of his wonderful escape and tedious voyage back to his native land.

He had not written on his outward passage, for he was gloomy and depressed, and nursed his ill-temper and low spirits until he was ashamed to write. But he was bitterly punished, and I reproached him not. Then he told how he had suffered remorse for his desertion of me and my father, and how he longed to write to us and hear from us, when there was no hope of either. And at the last, when he was free, and once more on a ship bound for home, how his heart misgave him when he thought of writing, for he had a feeling that he should never reach the shore in safety, and he thought it best we should not know that he was still alive, when the next news we might hear might be of his death. So he concluded not to write at all. He left the ship at Havana and crossed over to Georgia. He expected to find my father there, and thought most probably I would be there also. There he heard of my father's death, and that I was teaching at Mr. Lane's, in Philadelphia. He journeyed on to Mr. Lane's only to find me gone. They were able to tell him where I was, however, but he was too sick to travel. The Lanes insisted upon his remaining there, and they wished to send for me, but he would not consent, every day thinking he would be able to travel the next. He was there nearly a week, and from Kate he heard my whole story, almost as clearly as I could have related it myself.

"And now, my dear sister," he said, in conclusion, "I have come back to you as poor as when I went away, but you will soon see that I have the power as well as the inclination to work for you."

"I have learned to work for myself, dear Gerald, and I am happier in so doing. You must not deprive me of the pleasure."

"You have learned a great deal, Serena," said he, smiling and pushing the hair away from my face. "You have altered somewhat—grown more womanly—more thoughtful—but you still keep your long curls."

"Yes, Gerald, it is a foolish whim of mine, but I cannot give them up. They always remind me of the loved and the lost who twined them around their fingers and stroked them so lovingly."

"Our dear father, Serena, and kind Mrs. Wilson, did they cast me entirely out of their affections?"

"No! they loved you to the last, and pitied and forgave you."

"And have you been through so much, my poor sister, which I ought to have borne for you? Can you ever forgive me?"

"Do not speak of it. I must take up the burden of life some time. What matters it that I began a few years earlier than usual. Had you been here I should perhaps have never learned what I could do. It is better as it is, as far as I am concerned—but for you—"

"I also have learned much from life's stern lessons, as I will show you."

I was reserved and silent, even with my dear brother Gerald, about Allan Meredith and Mr. Croland. I did not feel that I could reveal to any one the history of my love for Allan; and as to Mr. Croland, I tried never to think of him. I never did without feelings of horror. I had connected him in my mind with some frightful dream I had had back in my early childhood—a strange, wild dream of murder and blood. This impression I never could shake off, and consequently I endeavored to bury all memory of Mr. Croland in oblivion.

Gerald spent several weeks with us, and we tried to live over again our childhood days. But he was greatly changed as well as myself. Those happy days could never come back to us. I had not told him all my heart, and I felt sure there was a secret corner of his which he did not care for me to penetrate. No! the confiding, unsuspicious happiness of childhood had gone forever, but would either of us have gone back into that time if we could?

I looked upon Gerald with pride. He was more worthy of it than in his boyish days. He had indeed learned much from life's lessons. He was handsomer now, I thought, with his strong-built, vigorous frame, his handsome and frank, though sunburnt face, than when he was the pale student.

He soon began to speak of his future prospects. When in Philadelphia he had met with a brother of Mr. Lane's, Judge Lane, of Virginia, and soon after Gerald's arrival in Boston he received a letter from the Judge, inviting him to undertake the tuition of his son, and in addition to his salary he would have the advantage of a fine law library and of studying with the Judge. He was induced to make this offer, having heard Gerald say that his father had destined him for the law. This offer Gerald was disposed to decline. "He wished something more lucrative," he said. I knew what was in his mind. He was thinking he could make enough to support me and himself also. I knew well that he could obtain no situation which would be immediately lucrative, and even if he could I would not be a clog upon him. I urged him to go, and showed him how much wiser it was for him to take the course his talents had pointed out to him, and in the meantime I would go on as I had done.

"When you are rich and distinguished, my dear brother," I said to him one day, "then I will be proud to be taken care of by you, but until then I am very independent. You may never have such an offer again, for you are poor and without influential friends. Such are not often the recipients of favors. By all means, then, secure this opportunity while you have it."

"You are an earnest pleader, Serena, and I am fain to think a very wise one. But I do not like to leave—I fear you are not happy leading such a life."

"Do I look unhappy?"

He looked earnestly at me a moment before he answered, "You do not look unhappy, my sister, but you have a very thoughtful, subdued manner—but then you were always quiet even when a child."

"Yes, Gerald, I am very quiet, and quite happy."

And thus it was settled, and Gerald went to Virginia. He was much pleased with his new home, and they were delighted with him—so Kate wrote.

The close of the second year after Gerald's return found me once more without a home. Miss Lovell had acquired a competency sufficient for her moderate wants, and her invalid sister desiring to live with her, she had concluded to give up her school, and rent a house in the city. She did not expect her sister until the fall, and meantime she proposed that we should spend the summer together in Sydney. I joyfully agreed to this proposal, and Mrs. Wilson received us as boarders. Miss Lovell was charmed with Sydney, and I introduced her to all my favorite haunts—including Black Rock, which still stood like a grim sentinel amid the forest trees.

Edgar was not in Sydney. His constitution had never been strong, and his health had suffered in consequence of the severe labors with which he taxed himself. His physician had recommended travel, and he was in Europe.

I had been in Sydney but a short time when Judge Lane wrote to me, asking me to reside in his family as teacher for his daughter. I accepted the proposal with joy—once more should I be under the same roof with my brother. He wrote in glowing strains of the affectionate friends he had found in his Virginia home, and that they were delighted at the prospect of having Gerald's sister with them.

I had not felt so happy for a long time. The heavy clouds which had hung around me were passing away, and the sunshine was struggling through the gloom. But I did not build any castles, or form any plan for the future. I tried to commune with my own heart in my chamber and bid it "be still!"

The little sapphire ring which sparkled on my finger spoke to me of Allan and Lelia. Soon after she wrote that letter to me—that letter which now lies before me, stained by time and by tears—she passed through the golden doors into the Happy Land.

She wished to be buried in Italy, and there she still sleeps. To her the night has come, but like her we will look beyond the darkness and the cold to the morning which shall arise bright and glorious. Sweetly and calmly she sleeps amid the murmur of orange groves and the musical play of silver fountains. The soft blue sky of Italy looks down upon her resting-place, and the fragrant flowers droop lowly over it, and weep there silently through the long night. And afar off, in her own native land, the tears are falling for the early dead, but they are not tears of regret. How can we grieve for her who is now "happy in the love of Heaven?"

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

My last day in New England! I felt that I was leaving my childhood's home never to return to it again. The last afternoon should be spent in that spot, now more sacred to me than any other in the village—at Mrs. Wilson's grave. I went quietly from the house and walked down the village street. How the memories of my childhood crowded upon me as I gazed upon the familiar objects, and how dear they seemed to me, now that I felt I was gazing upon them for the last time! Even the stiff, square houses, and the prim gardens, were beautiful in my eyes. The chrysanthemums and china asters smiled gaily; the bright-colored leaves danced merrily in the breeze, and the October sun shone pleasantly upon all. Slowly I walked down the crooked pathway, dignified by the name of side-walk.

It was Thursday afternoon, and vehicles of different kinds were passing me constantly, for the people were coming to meeting. Old Mr. Hutchins and his sister bowed, smiling, as they went past, and the old gig bowed low, and the gray horse bowed as it limped along on its three legs, just in the same way they had all been bowing for the last fifteen years. Mr. Flinn was hobbling around his yard, leaning on his staff. "Aunt Betsey" was sitting in the door of her red house sunning herself. Her black handkerchief was pinned closely around her head, and she was watching to see the "folks go to meeting." Poor old lady! she had not been able to go there for many a long year. The blind girl who lived in "the stone house" was plaiting straw, seated on the grass in the very spot I had seen her ever since I could first remember. I met some of my old schoolmates leaning upon the arms of their husbands, and others, showily dressed, talking gaily with their beaux. They had nearly forgotten me, I had been so little in Sydney lately. I passed the old school-house, where I had spent so many happy hours. The doors were open, and I looked in, but another generation had taken possession of the familiar seats, and I walked on.

On, beyond the street, and into the outskirts of the village, where the prim gardens gave place to farms, not much larger, and the white houses and green blinds to brown farm-houses, with no blinds at all.

I paused at Mill Bridge. I had stood there so often in childhood to throw pebbles into the stream and to watch the eddies curl around them—I looked around, not a human being was in sight, and, gathering some pebbles, I began throwing them into the stream. But the thoughtless gaiety of those early years had passed away, never more to return. I now took no interest in the spot, and, with half a sigh, I turned away and walked up the steep hill-side to the grave-yard. A low, struggling stone wall, tottering and insecure, enclosed it. I paused before entering the broken gate and looked around me upon the landscape, every feature of which is distinct to me now. In the back-ground, the huge rocks loomed up in broken and rugged masses, their sharp outlines clearly defined against the blue sky. Among them were scattered a few miserable cabins, the habitations of the wretchedly poor, who were mainly dependent upon charity for their daily bread. God help them! Many a time have I clambered to these forlorn abodes with baskets of provisions and clothing, sent by Mrs. Wilson. Farther down the river, just above the bridge, stood the old mill, with the water dropping from its mossy wheel, as it slowly turned around. I used to think it an instance of perpetual motion. I never saw it still.

Opposite the grave-yard was a ruined house, occupied solely by the owls and bats. But the superstitious and the ignorant affirmed it had other visitants. If the ghosts did inhabit it, they certainly had very bad taste, for a more wretched, dilapidated, unpicturesque ruin could scarcely be imagined.

On the other side of the little stream, called Mill River, lay the pretty and peaceful village of Sydney, crowned with foliage, and afar in the distance sparkled the foam-crested waves of the Bay. The vessels seemed to creep lazily over it—their white wings quivering gently in the breeze. Around the case of the hill where I stood, Mill River wound along in its tortuous course between the russet-brown meadows. High upon its bank lay a large boat, sun-dried and falling to pieces, its old boards showing here and there a faint tinge of blue. I well remembered how many times, in our early childhood, Gerald and I had danced over the wave of the Bay in that little boat, then as blue as the waves it was borne upon. Near it, chained to a post, was a bright-blue boat, and as I watched it rise and fall with the incoming tide, the memories of my happy childhood seemed to grow fainter and fainter, and I leaned heavily upon the stone wall and looked into the grave-yard, where, for very many years, the inhabitants of Sydney had buried their dead. It was upon a green hill-side, and was very full of graves. Some of these were crowded together, and then again they were placed at irregular intervals, and at all sorts of angles, and nearly all of them were overgrown with weeds. These were now in blossom, and the air was oppressive with the rank and noxious vapors. Here and there might be seen a lot enclosed and neatly-kept, looking an oasis in a wilderness. Among this tangled growth gleamed the white marble grave-stones, cold and ghost-like; and others of dark stone, overgrown with moss, and almost buried in the rank vines. It was a scene of desolation. I have seen many such grave-yards. Are the dead forgotten? Have their friends no happy memories that can cluster around the last home of those they have loved and lost? Or is it that they can no longer feel any regard for the body that is buried there when the soul that gave it worth is gone from it? These surely do not believe that, though "it is sown in corruption, it is raised in glory."

I threaded my way through the labyrinth of graves, and pushed aside the tangled vines until I reached the green mound which covered the mortal remains of Mrs. Wilson, my second mother. No willow drooped and wept over it—no cypress cast mournful shadows upon it. All day long it lay in the broad, bright, glorious sunshine; and through the night the moon looked full upon it, and the stars, smiling serenely, passed over it. The flowers had scattered their perfume there throughout the summer, but now they were gone.

I lay beside the grave until the shadows began to lengthen around me. The purple light of autumn tinged every object with its soft hue, and the hazy atmosphere induced that sweet dreaminess and delicious languor so peculiar to this loveliest of the seasons.

The sun was just setting as I left the grave-yard. I turned to look upon the desolate scene, but the golden sunlight could not brighten such a spot. It only looked more dreary and desolate, and I turned away. Just then my eye chanced to light upon some flowers of the blue gentian, which grew in the yard of the old ruined house, before mentioned. I remembered how often I had plucked these flowers, and it seemed to me they grew larger and more beautiful there than elsewhere. I thought I would gather some for Miss Lovell, and, crossing the road, I entered the yard. The flowers were growing close by the wall of the old house, and looking up to Heaven through their fringed lids. I had just reached forth my hand to pluck some, when a deep groan startled me. I have no belief in ghosts, but I confess I was sorely frightened, and I fled precipitately from the spot. I had no sooner reached the road, however, than my courage revived, and I smiled at my foolish fears. I had probably been deceived, and once more I entered the yard. I gathered a large bunch of flowers and turned to depart, when again I heard a groan. There could be no deception about it; it was clear and distinct. Another succeeded, and, dropping the flowers, I approached, slowly and cautiously, the door of the ruined house. Nothing but the idea that some suffering human being was there and needed aid would have induced me to enter that house at that time in the evening. As I said before, I had no fear of ghosts; but a vague, undefined feeling of terror had always made me shrink from going there.

I pushed the door open with my foot. It grated on its rusty hinges with a sound that made me start. I entered cautiously, and peeped stealthily into the room. A man lay upon the floor, quite motionless. Perhaps he was dead, and the groans I had heard were the last he uttered. I went directly to him and took his hand; it was cold and clammy. I pushed back the matted hair from his face, and was struck by the familiarity of the features. I placed my hand upon his forehead, and he slowly opened his eyes and fixed them upon me with a ghastly stare, which almost froze my blood. But I recognized him then. It was the lunatic I had seen at the Asylum—the very man whom, seven years before, I had met at Black Rock. But I felt no fear of him now. He was evidently suffering.

"Are you hurt?" I inquired, as soon as my surprise would permit me to speak.

"No," he said, faintly, "but I am very sick. I shall die without seeing them at last."

Again he closed his eyes. I ran to the door, hoping some one would pass whom I could call in to assist me. I did not like the idea of being alone with a dying man. No one was in sight, and I could not leave him just then. He might die ere I returned, and he should not die utterly alone. I took his hat and ran to the spring, near by, and filling it with water, returned to him. I bathed his head with the water, and poured a little between his lips. This seemed to revive him, and when he opened his eyes they had lost the ghastly look of death they had worn before. He gazed at me earnestly, and not unkindly. At length a light broke over his face, and he said, with a pleasant smile: "I could not go to you, and now you have come to me again. I always knew you would be with me when I died; but I thought you would come in anger. You will not kill me?" he added, with a frightened look, the current of thought suddenly changing.

It was singular that this dying man, who had but a few hours more to live, should be so fearful that I would take his life.

"I will not hurt you," I said, soothingly. "I have come to do you good."

Again he smiled as he said, gently, "You are like the angel who visits me in dreams, and tells me of peace to the troubled soul."

"I will run and call help for you," said I, as you seem better. I will soon return."

"Oh! do not leave me! do not leave me!" he cried, wildly. "They are coming for me again. There they are now. Don't you see them?"

I looked around fearfully, but I saw nothing save the bare walls.

"Who are you afraid of? There is no one here."

"Yes, they are here yet," he shrieked. "They came before you did, but I thought they had gone away. Oh! the fiends! the fiends!"

I remembered the paroxysm of rage at the Asylum, and I shuddered, but now he was weak and helpless as a child. He could not harm me, and my presence seemed to give him relief. But it was fearful to witness his struggles, and hear his cries of horror, when he fancied the fiends were about to seize him. I could not bear to see him die thus, and I tried to lead his mind to other subjects. I was partially successful.

"Do you know where you are?" I asked.

His attention seemed arrested by the question.

"No," he said, thoughtfully, looking around. "It is a strange place. I do not know how I came here. Yes, I do," he added, more confidently; "I was about taking a journey. I had only been walking a few days, and I got very sick, and came in here to lay down. I must go now." He tried to rise, but fell back powerless.

"Where are you going?"

"To visit the dead," he replied, in low and mysterious tones. "I ought to have gone there long before, but they would not let me. Don't tell them I am here, for they will take me back and chain me. You will not carry me there?" he said, imploringly.

"You will never go there again."

He looked so contented and happy when I said this, that I ventured to say more. "There is a beautiful home prepared for you, where there is no sickness, or suffering, or tears. There all is peace and joy."

He looked at me wistfully. "Is it far from here, that peaceful home?"

"You will have to take but a short journey to reach it."

"And will they receive me when I get there?"

I hesitated a moment before I replied. It were a blessed thing if he could die in this belief, and he was but a crazy man—not accountable for his present thought. But who could say? Where was the delicate line drawn which, to him, divided the real from the unreal?

At last I said, "He that would enter those regions must be cleansed from all sin and impurity."

The look of hope vanished instantly from his countenance. I was sorry for what I had said, and hastened to add: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin—though they are as scarlet, He will make them white as snow."

He repeated the words slowly after me, and added, "I think I have heard those words before in a dream. They are very sweet."

He seemed to look back upon his life before he became deranged as dreamy and confused. Perhaps if he dwelt upon it, it would seem more real to him.

"Have you never heard," I said, "of Jesus of Nazareth?"

But he heard me not. "They have come again!" he cried. "See, there is one, and he is pointing at me, and rattling his chains. Tell them to go away. They will go if you tell them."

"I will pray," I said, humoring the idea, "and then they will trouble you no more."

He watched me, evidently with interest, as I knelt down. I repeated the Lord's prayer, thinking that the familiar words would wake up long-forgotten memories in his heart. As I rose from my knees, he said, anxiously:

"Have you forgiven me?"

"Forgiven you!" I said, in amazement. "I have nothing to forgive. How have you injured me?"

"Much, very much," he sorrowfully replied, "and you were always so good to me."

What could he mean? Did he remember having seen me at the Lunatic Asylum? Suddenly I thought of Mr. Croland's strange conduct on that day, and, almost fearing the effect the question might produce, I said: "Do you know Mr. Croland?"

He shook his head. "I never saw him, but I know you. I have met you many times."

"Where?" I eagerly inquired.

"At Ravenswood. Many a time have you waited upon me there, and I—oh, have mercy! have mercy! there! look there—"

His eyes were bloodshot and starting from his head in terror. His features were almost livid. He was pointing to the wall, where the rising moon threw grotesque shadows of the trees.

"Those will not harm you," I said, "they are only shadows."

"I live in a world of shadows," he murmured, "and they will never pass away."

I heard the sound of wheels and flew to the door. It was Mr. Wilson, on his return home. I ran to the road to meet him, and explained, in a few words, the condition of the dying man. He followed me directly to the house, where we found the lunatic raving. I sat by him, and wiped the death damps from his brow. I felt braver now Mr. Wilson was with me. The lunatic soon became calm again, but he was evidently near his end. Mr. Wilson made him as comfortable as he could, by making a bed of his own cloak and arranging the buggy cushions for a pillow. He did not suffer bodily, but his mental agony was fearful to witness. He had intervals of calm, however, when I would repeat to him all the soothing texts of Scripture I could think of. It was all I could do for him. I hoped to the very last that reason would return to him, but I hoped in vain. The last words he uttered were, "The shadows are dark and close around me; the night is here, and the ghosts come in troops. Will the morning never come?"

One fearful struggle, and all was over. The body of the poor lunatic lay before me—his soul had gone to be judged by a merciful God. His grave was made in an obscure corner of the burial-ground at Sydney, and I expect that, long ere this, the rank weeds have concealed it from view.

That night, as I thought of the scene I had witnessed, I wondered where I had heard of Ravenswood. In the confusion and bewilderment of mind that I was in, I could not recall where I had heard the name, but it sounded familiarly to my ears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

## UNTO THE DAWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER III.

RETROSPECTION.

"Full many a storm on this gray head has beat,
And now on my high station do I stand,
Like the tired watch-dog on a rocky tower
Who looketh for the hour of his release."

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Nearly fourteen years before the opening of our story, one dismal night in April, the good landlord of "The Bear's Paw," at Albany, was aroused from his comfortable slumbers by a loud and impatient knocking at the inn door. With a muttered oath at the unseasonable interruption, he sprang out of bed and hastened to answer the summons.

A close carriage, lighted by a single lamp, was drawn up in the court yard, and a tall, powerfully-built man, wrapped in a cloak, stood waiting on the steps.

"What's wanted?" gruffly exclaimed the landlord, who had not yet got over the acidity which sours any man's temper on being called out of a warm bed, just as he begins to wax happy in his dreams.

"Send one of your men to take care of my horses; and you have a room prepared instantly for a lady and two children!" said the stranger, in the tone of one not accustomed to having his commands disputed.

The piece of gold which glistened in the landlord's hand, aided that worthy in his preparations, and in a short time a large front chamber was ready to receive the guests. Candle in hand, the officious landlord escorted them thither, and, ostensibly to arrange the wood upon the fire, he paused long enough to observe closely the lady and her two little boys.

The cheerful firelight played red and bright over the walls, and the lady threw off her shawl and hood to bask in the kindly radiance.

She was a tall, slender woman, of perhaps twenty-five or thirty years, with a willowy grace of carriage, and a dignity as rare as it was becoming. Her face was a pure oval, entirely destitute of color; her features were finely but boldly cut; her crimson lips shut themselves tightly together, more from habit than nature; and her eyes—those strange, dark, brilliant eyes—gleamed in her pale face like the stars in the sky of a winter midnight.

Her hair, black and glistening as the coils of a serpent, she wore twisted into one heavy fold, and fastened at the back of her head; not a single ornament marred the faultless taste of this severe coiffure; not a single stray curl rippled over the marble whiteness of her neck.

Her small, transparent hands were clasped tightly together, so very tightly that the rosy nails crushed into the skin; and for all the notice which she took of surrounding objects, she might have been a statue as well.

Her children, handsome boys of the respective ages of five and two, sat at her feet—mute and motionless; offering her no caresses—obtruding in no way upon her strange mood, but regarding her with a kind of worshipful reverence, which seemed, of right, due from some zealous Catholic to his patron saint.

The strangers remained at the Bear's Paw a week, during which time the landlord and his lady could get no satisfactory replies to the questions which they skillfully propounded. Beyond a knowledge of the fact that their guests were called Rossmont, they knew nothing.

The day following his arrival at Albany, Mr. Rossmont set out on a tour of examination, and before night he had closed with the owner for the abrupt crag, and its few acres of stony soil, known as Cliff Rock. The landlord smiled, and wondered at the strange taste of the purchaser; but Mr. Rossmont seemed to care little for the opinion of any one. He set about the building of a hut on his new possession, and at the close of the week he removed his family thither, although the place could scarcely be called habitable.

The summer dragged on, and the curious villagers had learned nothing of the strangers at Cliff Rock. Mr. Rossmont came down once a week, for such things as are indispensable in a household; but he talked only when he could not avoid it, and never replied to questions touching his own affairs.

He was a proud, handsome gentleman, tall and erect as the mountain pine; with an eye like the falcon, and hair black as polished ebony. His lady was never seen without the shadow of the log-house which she claimed as home.

Early in July, following the April on which Mr. Rossmont had first appeared at Albany, a man whose face was almost entirely concealed in a thick beard, and who bestrode a powerful black horse, stopped at the Bear's Paw to inquire the way to Cliff Rock. He received the directions with evident impatience, and without delaying to thank his informant, or take the glass of beer which the landlord offered him, he spurred his horse rapidly up the steep causeway pointed out.

The people at the hotel were cursing—it is a privilege accorded to innkeepers from time immemorial—and they watched intently for the return of the mysterious horseman. But their patience and zeal were spent in vain—no one came down the mountain path that night except Mr. Rossmont in quest of a physician.

Dr. Clary, an old and experienced practitioner, attended him, and without having been informed for whom his services were required, he was ushered into the long, low room before mentioned, as adjoining the kitchen at Cliff Rock. Here he was left alone with Mrs. Rossmont and an elderly female attendant.

In the space of two hours an infant of its mother's sex was born, and Mrs. Rossmont asked for her husband. He came in quickly, dismissed the nurse and physician, and closed the door upon them.

Toward midnight, after repeated knockings and calls for admittance, the nurse forced open the door, and entering the room, beheld a scene which filled her with horror.

John Rossmont sat in a large chair by the side of the bed, holding the form of his wife clasped in his arms. Her cheek, clay cold, rested against his; her long damp hair flooded his shoulder with a black tide; her arms were wound around his neck, and her cold, glassy eyes were uplifted to his.

The nurse slowly approached the group and touched the arm of the lady. It was as rigid as marble, and the smile upon the pale face had been frozen there by death.

When she would have separated the corpse from the bereaved man, he harshly flung off her officious hands, and sternly bade her leave the room. Awe-stricken and half paralyzed, the nurse took up the neglected and wailing infant and withdrew. Several times during the hours of that gloom-haunted night, she tried the door of the death-chamber, but it was fastened, and she was obliged to sit in the cold, holding the mourning babe in her arms, and listening to the shrieks of the wind in the withering hemlocks.

At sunrise the spell was broken; Mr. Rossmont came forth from his vigil; his face stern and white, his eyes cold and hard as polished steel. He took his way to the cliffs above the house, his head uncovered, his long black hair streaming out like a funeral banner on the murky air. He climbed to the highest crag, and with folded arms stood gazing down the precipice.

When the nurse went into the chamber where death had set his mystery, Mrs. Rossmont lay upon the bed, with the sheet drawn over her face. In her right hand was clasped a small golden cross, enamelled with rubies.

The grave of the stranger lady was made but a little way from Cliff Rock, on a mossy hillock, beneath a low-branching mountain ash. They buried the ruby cross with her; Mr. Rossmont forbade them removing it from the icy embrace in which it was clasped.

A week after the death of Mrs. Rossmont, a party of bird shooters discovered the dead body of a man on the shore of a turbid creek which emptied its waters into Rocky Branch, and on an examination of the remains, it was found that the heart had been pierced by a pistol ball.

There were no papers upon the body by which it might be identified, but a ring on the left fore finger bore the initials R. E.

The landlord of the Bear's Paw recognized in the dead man the stranger who had been directed to Cliff Rock the previous week; and after a lengthened inquest, and a score of unavailing attempts to get at the truth of the matter, the body was interred on the spot where it had been found, and there the affair ended.

The village gossips, however, hinted dark things of murder and crime; but the authorities believed, or professed to believe, that the man had died by accident, for an unloaded pistol had been found at a little distance from the place where they had made his grave.

Mr. Rossmont had been called to the inquest, but his testimony amounted to nothing beyond the establishment of the fact that no stranger's foot had crossed the threshold of Cliff Rock for a fortnight preceding the evening of his wife's death.

* * * * *

The demise of Mrs. Rossmont left Cliff Rock without a mistress. The meddlesome people of the vicinity thought that, in all probability, the master would marry again; for he was yet in the prime of life, strong and handsome, and his children surely needed a mother's care.

Mr. Rossmont, however, seemed in no mood to verify these conjectures; he came as little into the way of his scattered neighbors as ever; and became, if possible, more unsocial and haughty than before.

That he mourned his loss deeply none could doubt, for the hair which but a few weeks previously was a mass of blackness, now fell back from his forehead a crown of snow. And those silver weepers, bleached by tears wrung from the depth of a sacred heart, were all the weeds which he wore for his lost love.

The little girl, purchased by her mother's life, he christened Margaret; and from the fondness with which he dwelt upon the name, it was shrewdly concluded that it had been Mrs. Rossmont's.

Hannah Deane, the woman who attended her mother on the night of her death, was retained to take charge of Margaret, and to look after the wants of the other desolate little ones.

But she was in no wise admitted to the confidence of her master; he shunned her as much as he might, conversed with her never except of necessity, and spent most of his time in the room where his wife's last sigh was uttered.

Mrs. Deane remained at Rock Cliff ten years, in which time Ralph Rossmont had grown to a tall athletic youth of sixteen, while his brother William was a slight, pale lad of three years younger.

Ralph bore not the slightest resemblance to his father; and he could not have been more unlike his brother. He was dark as a Spaniard; his features were boldly and handsomely cut; his eye fiery, black and passionate. His mouth was determined in its expression, and the curve of his nostril indicated both pride and courage. His stature and his manners accorded well with the stern cast of his countenance; and it seemed passing strange that his father should take no more interest in his fate, for Mr. Rossmont was totally indifferent to his incomings or outgoings.

Towards his sister, Margaret, Ralph bore a deep and passionate love; it partook more of the fiery devotion of a lover than of the calm affection of a brother. If she smiled on William, Ralph resented it, and with darkening brow he would stride from the house, and loose himself in the forest for hours together. For the memory of his mother he cherished an almost hallowed reverence; he could not bear to hear her name mentioned, or her virtues extolled, by any person out of the Rossmont family.

But Ralph had a wild, savage nature, and he owed allegiance neither to God nor man. His lips were often stained by oaths; and his hand had often felled to the ground the village boys who had had the temerity to cross his will.

William, the younger son, was a gentle, fair-haired boy, with a Saxon face, pure, mild and attractive. He could be easily influenced by those whom he loved; though it would have been no easy matter to *force* him to anything.

Like his brother, he held a strong love for Margaret; true and tender; he would have given up his most cherished project to save her a tear; he would have died rather than she should suffer.

When Margaret was ten years old, Mr. Rossmont paid Mrs. Deane her wages, gave her such a present as he could afford, as a token of his good will, and then abruptly dismissed her from his service. When she ventured to expostulate with him on the impropriety of depriving his daughter of her only female companion, he cut her short by saying he could manage his own affairs. And thus, in childhood's careless time, Margaret Rossmont was charged with the management of a family.

She was a bright, active girl, and possessed of uncommon powers of imitation; she remembered how Mrs. Deane had done everything, and, after a year's practice, she was one of the most notable little housekeepers for miles around.

Mr. Rossmont's health had been for some time getting bad, and a stroke of paralysis at length rendered him powerless to move about without assistance.

This misfortune increased Margaret's burden; and none wondered at the look of maturity and womanly forethought which dwelt upon her young brow.

Ralph's conduct troubled her greatly, for as he grew older his vices developed themselves; he drank freely at times, and chose his associates from among the lowest bred youths in the vicinity.

Ralph and William hunted in the woods and fished in the streams; the trophies of their skill supplied the frugal table at Cliff Rock; and Mr. Rossmont's yearly income, derived from a small property invested in stocks in an eastern city, procured them necessary comforts, but they had no money to spare for superfluities, or for the luxury of books.

And Margaret's soul cried out thirstily for knowledge, she longed for the cooling refreshment of its clear streams, and dreamed continually of the green hill-slopes crowned by the white temple of learning. And so she came to work diligently at her household tasks, that she might find time to engage in some employment which would bring her a little pension of her own. By the kindness of a rough neighbor, far down the valley, she obtained shoes to bind from a manufacturer at Albany, and, with the money thus earned, she bought books and became her father's pupil. Mr. Rossmont was a profound scholar, and Margaret's education could not have been in better hands.

But her earnings were small, and much of them went to procure things requisite to her invalid parent's comfort; and she often worked for days without herself receiving any return. But she was a good and affectionate daughter, and felt that which made her father happier no deprivation.

And this glimpse into the past brings Margaret's life up to the time when Eugene Harrington and his party were so suddenly upon the hospitality of the inhabitants of Cliff Rock.

Margaret was then a small, slight girl of thirteen, with a good complexion, somewhat embrowned by the sun and wind; features irregular, and by no means striking; eyes, deep clear hazel; mouth, like a crimson rosebud; and hair, a rich chesnut brown, curling in profusion over her little, thoughtful head.

Her feet and hands were small as those of the most aristocratic lady, and the grace of her figure was better than the height and breadth which is thought to constitute beauty.

She was shy in company, and reserved in manner. The best emotions of her nature were hidden—her life had not been such as to bring them forth. Her father's heart was a closed charnel house, filled with the memory of the dead; Ralph was a volcano, whose crater she dared not penetrate lest she should be consumed in the effort; William loved her calmly and tenderly, and exacted only the same degree of affection in return.

And early in life Margaret Rossmont knew that there were depths in her being which had never been touched; fountains of living waters upon which the seals remained unbroken.

### CHAPTER IV.

MARGARET'S TRIALS.

"Then wouldst be loved? then let thy heart
From its present pathway part not,
Be everything which now thou art,
Be nothing which thou art not."

EDGAR A. POE.

The coming and going of the Southerners had given to Margaret glimpses of a new life; another world had opened its glittering portals to her gaze, beyond the rocky limits of her mountain home; and now there were times when, with a girl's unrest, she sighed for a broader view.

But if, forgetful of herself, she expressed anything of this before Mr. Rossmont, the scowl upon his face restrained her, and she learned to crush in silence all vain yearnings after life without the cottage walls.

And so the years fled on until Margaret was sixteen. During this time, Mr. Rossmont had heard once from Mr. Harrington; he was in good health, and on the eve of departure for Europe; Isabel Monroe, as nearest of kin, had fallen heiress to the whole vast property of Mr. Tracey, who had died without a will.

Mr. Harrington sent many kind remembrances to "his little nurse," "his good angel," and hoped that on his return from foreign shores, he should be able to visit his kind friends in New Hampshire.

And through these years Ralph's dissipated course of conduct was not changed, unless he plunged deeper into vice. He kept late hours, wore a haggard face, and his eyes, once so clear and piercing, were now dull and bloodshot.

He often degraded his quiet home by bringing beneath its roof the shameless companions of his revels; and these young men Margaret was obliged to entertain at the table, and often endure by the evening fireside.

Mr. Rossmont's brow would darken, and his eye blaze, at these frequent intrusions; but, strangely enough, he rarely spoke to his son upon his downward course.

Among the most constant visiters at Cliff Rock, was Carl Anderson, a man some years Ralph's senior; handsome, if regularity of feature and softness of coloring can be called beauty; attractive, if tact in conversation, refined language, and thorough knowledge of the world are the essentials to attractiveness.

Anderson came to the cottage first from curiosity, afterwards to be near Margaret. Her innocent simplicity charmed him; her fresh face captivated his fancy; her unconcealed scorn of him piqued his vanity to make a conquest of her heart.

He brought her books—the best which could be purchased in Boston, whither he went frequently to vis

guests, and a look of intelligence passed between her and old Bess, which was unobserved by Margaret.

Their hostess threw open the door of an inner apartment, and said courteously—

"Walk in there, an' it please ye, ladies; while I draw a mug of beer. The sun pours into this room a deal too hot for comfort."

Margaret went in first, and scarcely had she stepped upon the matting, than the door was clanged to, and she heard the bolt shoot swiftly into the lock.

Darkness, deep and dense, reigned in the place; and she could see nothing of the prison which held her captive. [TO BE CONTINUED.


# THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

**PHILADELPHIA:**

**Wednesday Morning, March 20, 1861.**


## PHYSICAL EDUCATION IN COLLEGES.

For years there has been a growing conviction in the minds of the best educators of youth, that there is something radically wanting in our plans of College education. As an intellectual system of development for those whose previous attainments enable them to enter upon it thoroughly prepared, it is unsurpassed by that of any age, provided only the physical health is uninjured, and the moral principles are properly and proportionably developed. But there is the rub; it is too exclusively intellectual to be a complete and perfect system of education for man.

As a means of developing the moral nature, great improvements have been made in College arrangements within the past twenty or thirty years. Instead of Paley's utilitarian moral philosophy, which is but epicureanism in disguise, text books like those of Wayland, Haven, and many others, have been introduced, while the day of prayer for Colleges has been attended and followed in many instances with a marked effect in giving earnestness and practical application to that moral and religious self-culture without which all the highest effects of education are wasted and perverted.

But it is physical education in which our Colleges have chiefly been so much behind the requirements of the age. He who for four years, while the body is growing and the frame consolidating, neglects entirely the proper training and development of the physical system, will rarely become a true man among men.

In England, the wild sports of rowing, cricket, shooting, skating and fishing are so generally pursued, that the systems of education which have grown up there have not had to provide, but to limit these exercises. Yet even there, such a man as Lord John Russell has to stand aside and play second to the blustering Lord Palmerston, almost entirely because the latter is a better physically educated man, while the former is only metaphysical. It has of late years become almost a proverb at Oxford, that the best rowers and wrestlers and riders make also the best scholars and strongest thinkers.

In this country it often happens that some of our most industrious college students are tall, thin youths, who have all their lives been used to work hard, physically, as their parents were, before them. They have studies to make up and a determination to beat, from a real inward thirst after knowledge, as well as from the thirst for distinction. If, by some lucky accident, these young men are forced to take exercise enough, either to earn a part of their living or to walk to their boarding houses, they will and do make the very finest scholars in their class and of their age—the men of greatest grasp of mind, retention of memory and persistency of purpose. But, in nine cases out of ten, they break themselves down by want of physical exercise and development before they are half through their course.

At Amherst College, they have now a professor whose whole time and attention are devoted to the physical exercises of each class. They are drilled and marched in military fashion. They learn to climb and run, and play all sorts of gymnastic antics, like Zouaves. The dumb-bells are brought into exercise, and a thousand feats, from the experience of all past ages and German science, are introduced to develope every muscle. Each class has its daily exercise, and the effects exceed the most sanguine expectations. No accident has yet occurred, and not one has been in any way injured. But the health, strength and vigor of all are perceptibly improved.

This is not all, however. The minds of the young men are as much strengthened as their bodies; instead of smoky, lazy, lounging students, with mind and body enveloped in nervous atmospheres of fog and tobacco, vigor of thought is found to be very perceptibly increased. The moral advantages are equally great. "Larks" and "sprees" are at a discount, and the young men having a natural vent for the pent-up physical energies of their frames, those erratic and injurious outbursts so common in college life have comparatively disappeared.

### EXERCISE IN CITIES.

To make exercise properly beneficial, it must be habitual and continual, and this is best accomplished by the necessity which exists in the country and in the city, by pursuing it in some systematic form. The mode of life in the country is so different from that in the city, that a few of the leading features will plainly show the great advantages which the children and youth there enjoy in respect simply to the natural and necessary daily exercise of the body. Walking and running over the uneven and broken ground, and up and down the hills, is a very different exercise from walking and running on the hard and level pavements in the city. More exertion of the body is required, more of the muscles are brought into action, and a greater depth of breathing fills the lungs and expands the chest. Then, in the country, there are certain household and other duties, which the youth perform, such as cutting and carrying fire-wood, carrying water from wells and springs, attending stock, &c. Then again they have the exercise, generally, of pretty long walks to and from school, and during the recesses the amusement of playing ball and other rustic games. All these exercises keep the body in necessary and natural motion through the day, and at night they feel just tired enough to go to bed, of their own accord, at an early hour; and the fact that they seek this rest, shows that the exercise has been effective and salutary upon both body and mind.

But in the city the youth has none of these home duties to perform; the coal is in the cellar, the hydrant in the house or at the door, the milkman comes his morning round, and the horse, if the family keeps one, is attended by a groom or boarded at a livery stable. The exercises of the day have been only short walks through crowded streets on hard and level pavements. There has been no necessary and habitual exercise of the arms and body requiring deep and full breathing so essential to vitality, and the complete development of the lungs and chest, and they go to bed because the time has come and fall asleep from langour and not from the effects of salutary bodily exercise.

The causes requiring the labor or help of the youth at home being absent, except with those whom necessity compels to youthful toil, and the streets and small yards in the city affording no opportunities for healthful and vigorous exercise, it becomes a matter of necessity to supply, by artificial means, the place of those natural advantages which abound in the country. The great want in a city is to furnish some systematic means by which this necessary and beneficial exercise shall be rendered a cheap and desirable recreation, and not to consume the time which should be devoted to other pursuits. How to accomplish this object is a question which should enlist the earnest attention of the public.

The establishment of public gymnasiums is doubtless the best means which can be adopted for this purpose in a large city. Experience has fully proved their practical utility, and public patronage would doubtless be amply sufficient, at a small charge to families or individuals availing themselves of their benefits, to make them self-sustaining and popular public institutions.

**LEGISLATING FOR PHILADELPHIA.**—The members of the Legislature have, during their recess, been consulting with their constituents, and they have discovered that there is a very general disapproval of the legislative bills which they had prepared for Philadelphia. The disposition evinced on the part of the Legislature to deprive the people of Philadelphia of the elective franchise for six months, by postponing the spring election till the fall, and the greater outrage of taxing them for municipal purposes without the assent of their municipal representatives, are so opposed to the acknowledged and fundamental rights of the citizens, that none but those who are to profit by such wrongs can be found willing to sustain them. Acts which are repugnant to the common ideas of right and justice cannot be committed with impunity even by a majority, and the worst policy any party could adopt, is to force such measures upon the people. It is only necessary to present them to any fair and candid mind to have them condemned.

**PENNSYLVANIA SENATOR.**—The Legislature of Pennsylvania, on Thursday, elected the Hon. DAVID WILMOT, U. S. Senator from this State to fill the unexpired term of the Hon. Simon Cameron, a period of about two years. The following was the vote of the Legislature: Wilmot 95, W. H. Welsh 34, scattering 2. Pennsylvania thus appears in the national Senate with two entirely new members. Mr. Wilmot has the advantage of several terms of service in the lower House of Congress, but Mr. COWAN was never before in either branch, nor has he held any prominent State or National position.

**PENSIONERS IN ARMS AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT.**—It is said that among the secessionists now in arms against the National Government, are persons who are on the pension rolls of the Republic. These patriots deserve to receive their pay from the public treasury regularly and promptly.

## DR. THORNWELL.

When ministers of religion attempt to dabble in law, they sometimes make queer blunders. In order to justify secession, Dr. Thornwell undertakes to prove that the constitutional attitude of the United States Government is "one of *absolute indifference or neutrality* with respect to all questions connected with the moral and political aspects of slavery." On the contrary, we at the North admit that the Government is bound morally and politically to support it, so far as prescribed by the Constitution. If conceded, Thornwell's view would be most dangerous to the South. But the line of argument by which he attempts to uphold his position would be destructive, not of the South alone, but of all law, justice, history and civil government. For he declares that "slavery has never in any country, so far as we know, *arisen* under the operation of statute law." "It is not a municipal institution," he therefore argues—"not the arbitrary creature of the State; it has not sprung from the mere force of legislation. The law found it in existance, and being in existence, the law subjects it to fixed rules." "*Slavery is not municipal*," therefore, he adds, "*but natural*." The same argument would, of course, prove that polygamy was "natural," and that all laws, like those of Mahomed, were "not municipal." Where is there any system which the law undertook to regulate or to forbid, which it did not find in existence. Why, even theft, and murder, and concubinage would be made out to be the natural state of man by reasoning such as this, instead of abuses and corruptions of his nature, and all laws forbidding them to be merely "municipal."

For the law finds these things all in existence before it legislates upon them. But if Dr. Thornwell were right—if Blackstone and Montesquieu had not fully demonstrated that the natural right to enslave men pre-supposed the monstrous doctrine of a natural right to slaughter every enemy beyond what was necessary for self-defence—still the doctor would be no better off. For if the laws against slavery were only municipal, and the holding of slaves were natural, yet as Dr. Thornwell admits and argues, these laws were the *English* common law, "*intensely English*," and being such they were the underlying common law of all the colonies before the Revolution, and the common law of the United States after the Revolution, except so far as repealed by the positive or municipal laws of the United States or the several States. In America, therefore, every lawyer would laugh at Dr. Thornwell's contempt for Blackstone to justify secession. Slavery is protected to a certain well-defined limit in the Constitution, by positive statute and constitutional enactments, and for any man to claim for it more or a different ground of right, is attempting to commence a revolution, that, by weakening the true position of the South, would leave it bare and defenceless indeed of all protection. Secession would be nothing to this. It would be a sort of license, by natural right, to have as many wives as one pleased, to murder as many enemies as one pleased, and only as an act of grace or under the special limitation of some municipal law, to save the likeliest of them alive for a prey as slaves.

Putting it on the ground of *natural* law instead of *municipal* law, would entirely prevent its being confined to the negro race. If the secessionists choose to go to war, they have a natural right, according to the Reverend Dr. Thornwell, to take all the prisoners they can and make slaves of the whitest and fairest and likeliest, and kill the rest. It is only a municipal speciality that restrains them from all this, which the Montgomery Convention could in half an hour dispense with. No wise and good man at the North will interfere with slavery in other States, that must be left entirely to the wisdom of the States to which it belongs. But when Dr. Thornwell can only justify secession by flying in the face of Blackstone and Montesquieu, and all the laws of nature and morality, it shows that the principles of natural science and of human law must be set aside and reversed before revolution like this can be justified.

## THE REVENUE AND ITS COLLECTION.

The last act of the U. S. Congress was to increase the rates of duties upon importations; the first act of the secession Confederation was to reduce them. The natural effect of these two diametrically opposite policies is to drive importations away from Northern ports, and to send them to Southern ports, to avoid the duties. There being no interior custom-houses, no collectors at the railroad stations, which extend from one State to another, or upon the great rivers which sweep through Southern and Northern States, there is nothing to prevent these importations into Southern ports from being sent to every Northern city, and foreign articles may be introduced, and sold under the very noses of those who were to be protected by a high tariff, to the exclusion of the home production. The Government can only prevent this by collecting duties at the mouth of Southern harbors, or establishing a chain of internal custom-houses all along the line which separates the United States from the seceding States. The latter there is no authority for, till Congress shall authorize it, and the expense would be enormous. The former is attended with difficulties which are almost insurmountable. It might be an easy matter to station national vessels at the mouth of the Mississippi, or at the entrances to Savannah and Charleston, but the collection districts are so numerous that all the unemployed vessels in the American navy would be required to guard them. How this difficulty is to be got over is not so clear, though the consequence to Northern commerce of allowing goods to enter Southern ports under low duties, or none at all, are very evident. If secession is to be uninterfered with, the only way to preserve the commerce of the North, will be to open our ports free of duties. This is one of the inevitable consequences of successful revolution in the South, and the fact has got to be faced squarely.

## THE OIL REGIONS.

Scarcely a day passes but our exchanges contain accounts of discoveries of oil in almost fabulous quantity. Indeed those localities seem one vast meerschaum in which, for ages past, the coal has been undergoing a slow process of distillation, and has formed a fountain of oil so deep that it needs but the insertion of the crowbar or auger to cause it to mount to the surface in abundance. Some statements that we have republished show the oil to exist in immense quantities, yielding a fortune to the owner or purchaser of the land. These discoveries are of comparatively recent occurrence. Kerosene oil has formerly been obtained by the distillation of coal in meerschaums, subjected to a gradually increasing heat; the oil flowing from the bottom of the meerschaum, and afterwards being purified for use. This process, though somewhat expensive, has yielded heavy profits to those engaged in the business, which the recent discoveries of oil, naturally produced, will considerably affect. Some of these oil tracts embrace from two to five hundred acres, upon which as many wells as can be operated are sunk; each yielding by the aid of machinery immense quantities of crude oil. The first cost of the oleaginous material is but ten dollars per barrel and the cost of purification will not exceed that sum; thus affording heavy profits both to the manufacturer and original owner. Kerosene will undoubtedly work a revolution in the use of illuminating agents, as it has already found its way into nearly every household as a substitute for the explosive and dangerous compounds of camphene and burning fluid.

**DISTRIBUTION OF SEED.**—Upwards of one million papers of vegetable and flower seeds have been put up at the Agricultural Division of the Patent Office within the past sixty days, and sent to members of Congress for distribution. The seeds were selected in Europe, by Hon. T. G. Clemson, with great care, and comprise many varieties heretofore unknown on this Continent. Each collection comprises one hundred and fifty-four different varieties of vegetable seeds, and nearly the same number of varieties of flower seeds—the number of papers of each variety varying from one to forty, as the peculiar soil or climate for which they are destined may make them more or less desirable. The members of Congress from the seceding States had sent to them the quota they would have been entitled to when in the Union. They took them of course. In or out of the Union, they take all they can lay their hands upon.

**WHAT POSTAGE THE VARIOUS CITIES PAY.**—Some very accurate tables of the postage paid by the various cities of the Union have been published. The following table, from the Auditor's report of the Post-office Department, (the latest published,) shows the net proceeds of the post-offices below mentioned, for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1859:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| New York, | $549,760 64 | Louisville, | $25,393 24 |
| Philadelphia, | 258,085 80 | Richmond, | 24,603 92 |
| Boston | 169,993 60 | Albany, | 24,336 97 |
| San Francisco, | 111,466 15 | Buffalo, | 19,314 93 |
| New Orleans, | 105,555 15 | Memphis, | 14,656 11 |
| Baltimore, | 88,352 96 | Wilmington, | 12,818 54 |
| Cincinnati, | 76,892 64 | Nashville, | 12,738 53 |
| St. Louis, | 75,144 91 | Detroit, | 10,221 93 |
| Charleston, | 35,647 65 | Washington, | 9,436 12 |
| Chicago, | 29,641 37 | | |

The net proceeds of the Philadelphia office during the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1860, amounted to $265,128 14, being an increase of about 11 per cent. over the previous year.

**PUBLIC CONTRACTS.**—Contracts made by our general and State Governments in this country have, in many cases, designedly been so loosely worded as to prove sources of immense profit to the contractors, and disastrous, in a financial point of view, to the Government. Jobs of this kind have the most pernicious effect on the moral sense of the community. Those who succeed in obtaining them afford an example of prosperous corruption, detrimental in the highest degree to public morality. Such spectacles dissatisfy men with honest industry and lead others to endeavor to overreach in a small way, while waiting for greater opportunities. Unfortunately, the example of a thousand honest men in the ordinary walks of life attracts less attention than a single successful instance of speculating upon the public.

## EXTRA OFFICIAL ZEAL.

If the testimony of Williamson is to be believed, the zeal of Superintendent Kennedy, of the New York Police, in hunting out plots against Mr. Lincoln's life, has been exercised in hope of the appointment of Marshal for the District of Southern New York. It is directly asserted that he wanted his assistant to go to Baltimore, and even farther South, to work up a case for him, and either discover or prevent a conspiracy to assassinate Lincoln, and that some one else was sent, and that, in all probability, the whole story of the conspiracy was got up to show off Kennedy's zeal and get an important office.

Where the real conspiracy lay, whether with Williamson, to destroy Kennedy, or with Kennedy, to frighten General Scott and Mr. Lincoln, we do not pretend to know, but one or two remarks grow pretty naturally out of the whole affair. One of them is that it all shows the evils of changing all official, with every change of the Government. In Charleston two Postmasters and four Collectors have sufficed for the Port of Charleston from the days of Washington till now. But in the North every little Postmaster is changed with each change of party, and zeal for a party recommends to office. In Charleston it would be thought dishonorable to seek an office of that sort while there was another incumbent living and well fulfilling its duties. To reward party zeal with office will make cunning partisans and base conspiracies, plotting and counterplotting, till they beat the Paris police. Of Fouche it is well known that at the very time Napoleon went to fight the battle of Waterloo, he was in correspondence with the British, and had even promised to inform Wellington of Napoleon's movements. This he did, so far as that he sent a letter with full particulars, by a woman, for Brussels. But he also contrived that Napoleon should be informed of the woman, and had her arrested as she was crossing the lines. Napoleon was unsuccessful, and then he contrived that the tidings should be delivered. Had it been the other way he would have taken great credit to himself for discovering and frustrating the plot he himself had invented.

Men ought to be rewarded for zeal and fidelity and success in their respective offices and official duties, *but not out of them*. It was Kennedy's official duty to see that all was safe in New York city, and if he knew of any conspiracy, to give information to other cities. But as Superintendent of the Police in New York he seems to have been over zealous, and has certainly done himself serious injury by a sort of over zeal—zeal for work not within his sphere. Such men are dangerous allies and ought not to be rewarded, but the contrary. Mr. K. has made himself very conspicuous for seizing the arms on their way to Georgia. There is no doubt that it was all right and proper that arms and goods of that sort should be seized, if there was any way of legally seizing them, and by United States authority. But if Kennedy has done it simply to recommend himself for office, it is also clear that the rewarding of an officer for extra official acts may be a dangerous precedent.

This officiousness of Superintendent Kennedy has led the Georgia officials to take a position opposed to the interests of commerce and trade, North and South, by seizing upon Northern vessels lying in the port of Savannah. This will make Northern ships careful how they enter Southern ports, and must and will raise the price of cotton transportation. Moreover it is so opposed to the course of all civilized nations, and in fact to the law of nations and of natural justice, to say nothing of the Constitution, in all such cases as these, that it cannot stand or be of the slightest permanent advantage. But it is all the folly of extra official zeal.

## THE NEW PATENT LAW.

The new Patent Law passed at the last session of Congress contains changes which affect the interests of many classes of our citizens. The law allows the patent, except for designs, to exist seventeen instead of fourteen years, and not to be renewed. All patents granted, and now in force, previous to the passage of this Act, can be extended for seven years from date of expiration, upon the same conditions as have hitherto existed, except in the amount of fees, which are clearly stated in the bill. On filing each caveat the fee is $10; appplication for a patent, except for a design, $15; issuing an original patent, $30; re-issue of a patent $30. No withdrawal of a portion of the patent fee in case of rejection. There is no discrimination in regard to fees against the inhabitants of other countries, except of those which discriminate against the United States. Inventors of all countries, with the exceptions mentioned, are placed on the same footing in this respect.

The most important change in the law is that which relates to designs, which is highly encouraging and protecting to artists and inventors. Paintings may be patented by artists, and piracy, by copying the best works, be stopped. So may pictures, prints, and artistic designs of every possible description, and no person can use or duplicate the same without the consent of the originator. Architects, draughtsmen, engineers, photographers and designers may patent their plans and every new specimen of their work; new designs for bank notes, certificates of stocks, bonds, and all combinations of an artistic character, may be patented. Any new form of an article may be patented, new patterns, new decorations and new styles of work, which is a very important provision for the protection of our designers, manufacturers and traders. Trade marks may be patented, and even the labels affixed to goods. Every new style of article, tool or pattern, used or produced in any trade or profession, may now become the subject of a patent. Patents may be taken out for these things at the following rates: For a patent of 3½ years, $10; for a patent of 7 years, $15; for a patent of 14 years, $30. The new law went into force on the 4th of March.

**THE TELEGRAPH** informs us that at New Orleans the announcement that Fort Samter is to be evacuated was received as an indication of the "peace policy" of the Administration. Well, everybody knows how reliable the telegraph is in some hands. In the name of Mercury, let us never doubt the telegraph!—*Baltimore Sun.*

The Baltimore Sun, in the course of its comments, falls into an error very common with the press, of attributing to the telegraph a want of reliability which belongs to the news correspondents of newspapers. The telegraph never says anything of itself, and therefore, is not responsible for the errors which those who use it may commit. It is simply an instrument to be put in operation to convey through its wires the information, facts, reports, or opinions of some individuals whom the press, whenever the information is for its own use, chooses to employ. If the individual is a careful reporter, who verifies his facts before he starts them over the wires, the information which the Telegraph will record will be correct. If the reporter is a careless fellow, who snaps at rumors, and assumes common reports as facts, or maliciously perverts them, the information sent by the telegraph will be incorrect. But whether the information be true or false, the Telegraph is absolutely and invariably reliable in the duty which it has to perform, and that is simply to convey accurately the despatch handed to it. When it does this, and when the Sun can at any moment depend upon doing this, we think the Telegraph ought not to be uneasy for its want of reliability, nor made to father the errors which unreliable news correspondents may send over it.

**LOCOMOTIVES ON COMMON ROADS.**—The success of the experiment in England of running locomotives on common roads is so complete, as to induce Parliament to provide for their regulation. A bill has been introduced into that body which enacts that the weight on each pair of wheels is not to exceed one ton and a half. The weight of locomotives over county, parish, or suspension bridges is not to exceed fifteen tons, and any damage is to be made good. The locomotives are to consume their own smoke. Two persons are to drive and conduct every locomotive, and red lights are to be fixed conspicuously in front of locomotive and wagons one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise. The speed of locomotives on high roads is not to exceed ten miles an hour, and through towns, cities, or villages, five. No locomotive is to be used within the city of London more than seven feet in width and with wheels six inches wide. Parliament does not stand in the way of improvement, but recognizes it and endeavors to regulate it for the benefit of the public.

**A MODERATE BILL.**—Mr. Lincoln and his suite stopped one day at the Delavan House, formerly a rigid temperance hotel, in Albany, but he and his wife dined with a friend. The proprietor of the hotel has presented the modest bill of $1,120 for that day's eating and drinking. There were sixteen persons in all really entertained, and the charge was therefore $70 for each. The items are curious for a Temperance house; for instance, there is the sum of $357 for wines and liquors, and $150 for broken stoves and chairs. If sixteen persons drank $357 worth of liquors, a cost of twenty-two dollars worth each, the only wonder is that they did not break their necks as well as $150 of stoves and chairs. This extraordinary bill beats the experience of the Japanese and English princes.

**THE EXPORT DUTY ON COTTON**, which the Southern Confederacy is talking of laying is, it is agreed, to be made twice as large upon that exported by land as that sent by sea. The object of this is to turn the tide of exports from the Southern States from the railroads to the seaports, so as to build up an external commerce for the Confederacy. The Northern ports of the Confederated States will not like an arrangement of this kind, which taxes them so unequally, as their connections are more interested with the railroads of the border States than they are with the seaports.

**HER PASSENGERS.**—The Australian steamer now missing had 50 passengers, a large cargo and £2,000 in specie,

# WASHINGTON NEWS.

## SPECIAL SESSION OF THE SENATE.

On *Tuesday*, in the United States Senate, the resolution to expel Mr. Wigfall, and the substitute of Mr. Clingman, were referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. The Senate then went into executive session and subsequently adjourned. The nominations of Cassius M. Clay as Minister to Spain, and Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, as Minister to Mexico, were acted on. Several other nominations were also sent in.

On *Wednesday*, Mr. Douglas offered a resolution calling on the Secretary of War for information as to the fortifications in the seceded States, if it is necessary to occupy the same, and what force will be necessary for the purpose, &c. The following is the resolution at length:

Resolved, That the Secretary of War be requested to inform the Senate what forts, arsenals, navy yards and other public works within the limits of the State of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas are now within the actual possession and occupation of the United States, by what number of men each is garrisoned and held, and whether reinforcements are necessary to retain the same, and if so, whether the Government has the power and means, under existing laws, to supply such reinforcements within such time as the exigencies and necessities of the case may demand, and whether the defence and protection of the United States and their interests make it necessary and wise to retain military possession of such forts, places and other property, except at Key West and Tortugas, and to re-capture and re-occupy such others as the United States have been deprived of by seizure or surrender, for any other purpose, and with a view to any other and than the subjugation and occupation of those States which have assumed the right to secede from the United States, and within whose limits such forts and other public property are situated; and if such be the motives for recapturing and holding the forts and other public property, what military force, including regulars and volunteers, would be necessary to enable the United States to reduce the States aforesaid, and such are supposed to sympathize with them, to subjection and obedience to the laws of the Union, and to protect the Federal Capital.

Messrs. Wilson and Mason objected, and the resolution lies over. Mr. Fessenden offered a resolution instructing the Secretary of the Senate to strike from the roll of the Senate the names of Senators from the seceded States who have declared that they are no longer members of the Senate. Mr. Hunter and others objected to the consideration of the subject, and the resolution lies over. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

On *Thursday*, the proceedings of the Senate in open session were quite interesting. Mr. Mason, of Virginia, offered a resolution of inquiry, directed to the Secretary of War, relative to the Militia in the District of Columbia. It was objected to and laid over. Mr. Douglas made an effort to get before the Senate his resolutions, offered on Wednesday, calling for information relative to the Southern forts and other Federal property, but he did not succeed. In the course of the debate Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina, announced that he had prepared a resolution advising the President to make a treaty with the seceded States, but he did not offer it. Mr. Fessenden's resolution, offered on Wednesday, proposing to strike from the roll the names of those Southern Senators who have withdrawn from the Senate, was then considered. Efforts were made, by Messrs. Mason, Hunter, and others, to have the phraseology changed, and, finally, Mr. Fessenden accepted a substitute offered by Mr. Clark, of New Hampshire, simply declaring the seats vacant, and directing the omission of the names in calling the roll. This was adopted, 25 to 10. The Senate spent but a brief period in Executive Session.

On *Friday* the proceedings were of unusual interest. Mr. Mason offered a resolution calling upon the President for information as to the number of troops quartered in the District, when they are to be withdrawn, for what purpose they are maintained there, and whether the force is to be increased, and to what extent. The resolution was laid over. Mr. Douglas' resolution, calling upon the Secretary of War for information in relation to the forts, arsenals, navy yards, and other public property in the seceded States, whether the administration intend to recapture those in possession of the secessionists, and if so what military force will be necessary, &c., was taken up. This resolution calls for a detailed exposition of the policy of the administration with reference to the seceded States. Mr. Douglas, in advocating his resolution, said that the policy of the administration being peace, he desired to relieve the apprehensions of the country by obtaining a reply to his resolution, which he believed would give quiet and restore good feeling among the different sections of the Union. He argued that the President has no power to collect the revenue in the seceded States, nor to call out the militia to capture the forts. To carry on a war with the Southern Republic would require an army of two hundred and fifty thousand men, at an annual cost of three hundred millions of dollars. In conclusion he advocated such amendments to the constitution as would hold the border States in the Union, and thus secure a reunion of all the States. Mr. Wilson said the administration would make known its policy through gentlemen in whom it had confidence. The debate was continued at considerable length, and finally degenerated into an undignified personal quarrel between Messrs. Douglas and Fessenden.

On *Saturday*, on a question of privilege, Mr. Rice of Minn., caused to be read a supplement to the report of the Indian Bond Committee, in which supplement the committee say there is not the slightest suspicion that the Senator (Mr. Rice) was implicated in that abstraction, and that anything of seeming reflection upon him in their main report was entirely the result of misapprehension. Mr. Douglas' resolution in regard to southern forts, &c., was postponed till Monday. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

# EUROPEAN NEWS.

The steamship Etna, arrived at New York on Thursday, bringing Europe anadvices to Feb. 28. They embrace various details of interest. In the House of Commons, the subject of the Slave trade, introduced by a series of senseless resolutions, had provoked an animated discussion, and elicited important explanations and remarks from Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston. Both these statesmen denounced the faithless conduct of Spain in encouraging the traffic, but yet more bitterly denounced the Government of the United States for persisting in its refusal to an indiscriminate right of visitation and search. The opinion was expressed in the course of the debate that the Southern Confederacy should never be recognized until it had given satisfctory guarantees of its purpose to abstain from the slave trade. The French Senate had availed itself of the privilege accorded it by the Emperor, to respond to the Imperial Address. Its references to the foreign policy of the Empire were generally laudatory, but in shaping its language in regard to the Roman question, care had been taken to give a decidedly ultramontane character to the sentiments. In the meantime the violent language of some of the bishops was moving the Government to strong measures of repression; and the Diocesan of Poictiers was to be made an example. From Italy we learn that the Revolutionary leaders were disposed to postpone the intended insurrection in Hungary to another year, on the ground that the people were still unprepared for the movement. The indications are that the French occupation of Syria would be prolonged indefinitely.

The steamship Arabia, with European advices to the 3d instant, arrived at New York on Saturday. The steamship Australasian, about the safety of which so many fears have been entertained, arrived at Queenstown on the 3d, having been obliged to return, owing to a serious accident which happened to her engines. In Great Britain the conduct of the French troops in Syria was generally condemned. It is supposed the Great Eastern will make another trip to New York in about a month. It was expected that the siege of Messina would be commenced in a few days; though the representatives of foreign Powers at that town had protested against the opening of hostilities. There had been a great rise in the Danube, and hundreds of persons are reported to have been drowned in the inundation. It was currently rumored and believed in official quarters in England, that the Austrian government will never recognize Victor Emmanuel as King of Italy; and if France withdraws her troops from Rome, Austria will immediately replace them by her own army, and if the revolutionists make the least movement in Venetia or Hungary, she will cross the Miacio.

**LIVERPOOL, Saturday March 2d.**—Cotton closed with an advancing tendency. Sales to day of 10,000 bales, including 5000 for speculation and export. Messrs. Hewitt reports the market firm, and that the Canada's news imparted more tone.

Breadstuffs continue very dull, and generally unchanged. Provisions also dull.

**LONDON, March 1.**—Messsrs. Barings' circular quotes wheat quiet but steady. Welsh rails dull; bars also dull; sugar heavy at 6d. a 1s. lower; coffee firm; rice quiet; spirits turpentine steady at 21s 6d.; tallow firmer at 11s 3d.; tea quiet at 1s. a 1s. ½d.

**MONEY MARKET.**—Consols are quoted at 91½ a 91¾ for money, and 91¾ a 91¾ for account. The bullion in the Bank of England has increased £315,500.

**BIG CALCULATIONS.**—Saysone of President Davis' Cabinet, writing to a friend in New York, "We shall have in the field before the first day of April over fifty thousand well disciplined soldiers, commanded by able and experienced officers, most of whom belonged to the United States Army." It will cost at least one dollar per day for each soldier, or $350,000 per week, which in the course of a few months will drain the confederate treasury so dry that tariff rates double those now imposed would not be able to keep the government afloat. It is a great thing to boast largely, but if President Davis ever gets five thousand men together in regular service, he will find trouble enough to pay them their wages.

**STREET CARS TO BE PROPELLED BY STEAM IN ST. LOUIS.**—The Evening News of St Louis, says:—Mr. Charles Rigdon, an ingenious mechanist, is engaged at the Western Foundry in making an apparatus to propel the street cars through the agency of steam. The furnace and boiler are to be upright, and placed in front of the car, occupying a space of about three feet square. The cylinders are to be three inches in diameter, with a nine inch stroke, and will give a power equal to that of about three horses. Coke will be used for fuel, and the steam will be condensed in a large water chamber under the seats of the car to prevent too free escape of the steam into the streets. In the opinion of those who investigated the machinery, there is every prospect of its being entirely successful for the purpose designed.

We infer, from the fact stated, that the city railroads of St. Louis have the privilege of using steam to propel their cars. This is one step in advance of Philadelphia. Here we have an engine built, but cannot get the privilege to use it. Whether any engine yet constructed would answer the purpose of the city railroads, is questionable; but whoever heard of the first machine built for any specified work which came perfect from the hands of the inventor? What is wanted to produce a perfect engine is the privilege of using it; for no man will long devote his attention to any work which is to remain useless upon his hands. Once satisfy the inventor that his machine will be used, and his ingenuity will make it answer the purpose practically. If it is not for Philadelphia to introduce this improvement of steam as the propelling power on the city roads, we hope St. Louis will give an early proof of its entire practicability, and the advantage and economy which would follow from its use. The demand for horses upon city railroads has largely increased their cost, and the expense of keeping so many is a very serious drawback upon the profits of railroads. A bushel or two of coal would do the work daily of every single horse, and Philadelphia can draw upon the mines of coal for a supply of propelling power without increasing the cost. Where coal is so abundant and cheap, we wonder it does not strike the public mind that steam is a proper substitute for horse power upon our city railroads.

**THE GREAT DEFALCATION IN FRANCE.**—Though the United States can show instances of official and non-official delinquencies of an extraordinary character, the monarchies of Europe are not exempt from similar cases, and sometimes the examples are of even greater magnitude. The case of M. Mires, in France, is an illustration. He was at the head of the General Railway Bank, or Treasury, and a contractor for the Turkish loan. His defalcation amounts to one hundred and eighty millions of franes, or thirty-six millions of dollars, which exceeds anything of this kind yet upon record. To gain social position, Mires succeeded some time back in marrying his daughter to the Prince de Polignac, and, in pursuance of his speculations, he purchased two of the great Parisian journals, the *Constitutionnel* and the *Pays*, which have been used to shape public opinion into the desired channels. An immense amount of money has been abstracted and taken, no one knows whither; the great works which Mires had contracted to carry through are on the point of stoppage, thus throwing large numbers of workmen out of employ; the dividends on the Turkish loan are in danger of remaining unpaid; and a considerable number of Companies, as well as individual speculators, are each moment expected to go by the board, as a consequence of their intimate connection with the banker's affairs. To meet these contingencies, it is understood that the Government will carry on all these great works, and it is even said that the Emperor will guarantee the Ottoman obligations, as the ruin of French commercial interests in the Levant must be the consequence of non-payment of the dividends. The great bulk of the losses will fall upon private individuals.

## MURDER IN JUNIATA COUNTY.

THOMPSONTOWN, March 11, 1861.

MESSRS EDITORS:—A horrible murder was perpetrated on last Saturday evening, about seven miles from this place, upon the person of Mr. Henry Kaucher, an old and highly respectable citizen, and generally supposed to be rich. The murder was committed in his house, in a secluded part of Black Dog valley, Fayette township, Juniata county. There was no person in the house but the deceased, his housekeeper and a little grand daughter, about seven years old. The latter witnessed the shocking affair and gives the following account of it: A young servant came in the evening two men entered the house, and inquired for Mr. Aucker, (he and the housekeeper having already retired.) She called her grand father, who got up, and came out into the room, and entered into conversation with the men. Shortly after them seized the old man's money, and presented a pistol, when the old man told them he had none, and retreated into the back room, and was in the act of taking down his rifle, when the fellows shot at him, the ball taking effect in the left arm. The assassin then rushed on him and dealt a number of heavy blows on the head, from which he expired in about two hours. The little girl commenced screaming, which seemed to fright en the villains, as they left the house immediately, without attempting to plunder. The men were strangers, but suspicion rests strongly on two young men of notoriously bad character.

An inquest was held by Esquire Dorun of McAlisterville, and every means will be tried to have the murderers arrested. This is the first cold-blooded murder that was ever perpetrated in our county, and the community is greatly shocked. Hundreds of persons visited the scene of the bloody affair yesterday. No one arrested at this writing.

Respectfully yours, G.

**HOW A SPIRE FELL.**—In Chichester, England, one of the highest steeples in the country recently fell to the ground. It was 274 feet high and was built in the year 1200.

The tower had for some time shown symptoms of danger, and during recent reparations made in the interior arrangements of the cathedral, it was discovered that this danger was much more serious than at first supposed. On the 14th ultimo, cracks and crevices appeared in the piers. Immediately after the Sunday services on the 17th, boards of workmen took possession of the church, and by day and night worked to strengthen the tower. But the immense weight of the spire was too great. A terrific storm occurred on the night of Wednesday, the 20th, which shook the tower, but the efforts of sixty workmen appeared still to offer some possibility of ultimate success, when, at half-past three in the morning, they left the building. At daylight they returned to the task, but now the spire tottered. At a quarter past 10 o'clock, P. M., the workmen were all ordered out of the cathedral, and a quarter of an hour later the tower and spire fell to the floor with but little noise, forming a mass of near six thousand tons of ruin in the centre of the church, and carrying with it about twenty feet in length of the nave, and as much of the transept and choir. "The spire at its fall," says an eye-witness, "at first inclined slightly to the south-east and then sank gently into the centre of the building. The appearance of the fall was that of a large ship quietly but rapidly foundering at sea."

## A PREDICTION.

The National Intelligencer says: "We take the liberty of venturing a prediction, which we base on long observation of political events occurring in the successive changes that take place in the administration of the federal government, and the prediction we make is, that if the ordinary current of our political history is not disturbed by some extraneous influences, rendering the presidential term of Mr. Lincoln entirely exceptional in its complexion and results, it is pretty sure, in about the same degree, to disappoint the exaggerated expectation of too ardent friends and the exaggerated apprehensions of its too suspicious opponents. For no apprehension, so far as we are aware, has ever yet accomplished all the good expected at its hands by the former, or all the evil foreshadowed by the latter, under apprehensions often inspired by other considerations than simple, disinterested patriotism."

**INTERIOR CUSTOM HOUSES.**—The Montgomery Congress propose to impose a duty on cotton going northward out of the Confederacy by railroad. The Augusta Chronicle wants to know how is that duty to be collected if custom house officers are not to be tolerated, except at seaports? So far from diminishing the number of those officials, it will be found necessary largely to increase them, at least to have them stationed at the intersection of railroads. There is likely, it appears, to be a double set of interior custom houses, one on the Southern borders, to collect the Southern export duty, and one on the Northern borders, to collect duties of foreign goods imported duty free through Southern ports. These will be new obstructions to trade which will be found very inconvenient in practical operation.

**THE NEW TARIFF AS AFFECTING SHIP BUILDING

## ARMY AND NAVY.

### Navy and Army Intelligence.

The U. S. steam frigate Powhattan, and the corvette Cumberland, sailed from Vera Cruz, for New York or Norfolk, on the 23d ult, and will be due in the States this week. The Powhattan was commissioned some months since at Philadelphia, a few days after her return from China, and the Cumberland was recently despatched to relieve the Savannah as flag ship of the home fleet. The return of the former was looked for, but no reason is assigned for the recall of the latter. The Macedonian, of the same squadron, is leaking badly. The steam-tender Pocahontas is almost due at Norfolk, from Vera Cruz

The distribution of our Naval forces throughout the world, as given in the Naval Register for 1861, just issued, is as follows:

| | Vessels. | Of. & Men. | Guns. | Tons. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Home fleet | 11 | 2400 | 172 | 11,130 |
| Mediterranean fleet | 8 | 890 | 47 | 5,193 |
| Pacific fleet | 6 | 1402 | 85 | 7 632 |
| African fleet | 7 | 1565 | 104 | 6,444 |
| China fleet | 4 | 709 | 36 | 4 575 |
| Special service | 3 | 960 | 63 | 7 267 |
| Total | 34 | 7927 | 507 | 42,080 |

The Army Register for 1861 has been issued. It gives the total enlisted men of the army at 17,605—aggregate, 18,122. There are 198 companies in the different regiments. If all these companies were subject to the increased allowance of the regiments serving in distant stations, the total enlisted would be 17,549, and the aggregate 18,666

We have the late Western army news by the last California steamer. A detachment of U. S. Dragoons, for Companies D and K of the First Regiment, arrived at Fort Tejon on the 5th of February. Captain Davidson, a Virginia Union man, who had been home on a visit had also reached the Fort, with his family. Lieutenant McKee reported for duty at Tejon. Lieut. Riley went to Mojave, and Lieut. Worth to Yuma. The troops at the different stations were in good health.

Commodore Breese, the Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, le tyesterday for Washington, to sit in the Armstrong Court Martial, which convenes to-day.

There is reason to believe that the Empire City did not go to Texas, as reported.

THE NAVY OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.—This marine armament consists of the following vessels, all stolen from the National Government:

The cutter McClellard, one year old, 145 tons, calculated for 4 side guns and one pivot, and capable of accommodating 35 men. She is well supplied with small arms.

The cutter Lewis Cass, 110 tons, calculated for a crew of 45, and one 68-pound gun.

The cutter Aikin, 90 tons, calculated for a crew of 30 men, and one 42-pound pivot gun.

The cutter Washington, now at New Orleans, will carry a 42 pounder.

The steamer Fulton, 698 tons, calculated for a crew of 90 men and 5 guns.

The cutter Dodge, 100 tons, and armed with small guns.

Besides these, there was the cutter Jas Gray at Charleston, bought in Philadelphia, for $33,000. She is to be armed with a four-pound Columbiad.

The steamer Everglade was bought by Georgia for $34,000, and is to go into the coast guard service.

The brig Bonita was seized at Savannah, and is being metamorphosed into a war vessel.

The steam gun boat mounts one gun.


## THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, March 20, 1861.

TERMS OF THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER

To Single Subscribers, one year..... $1 00
Club of Six, for one year..... 5 00
Club of Thirteen for one year..... 10 00
Club of Twenty, and one to getter up, 15 00
Club of Thirty four, " " " 25 00
Club of Fifty-four, " " " 40 00
Club of Eighty, " " " 60 00
Club of One Hundred, " " " 75 00

PAYMENT INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

No subscription for less than one year will be received. The "Newspaper" is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which it is paid.

Postage on the Dollar Newspaper.

To any Post-office in Pennsylvania, 13 cents per year.

To any Post-office out of Pennsylvania, 26 cents per year.

To any Post-office in any of the British Provinces, 26 cents per year, payable at this office at the time of subscription.

To any Post-office out of the United States, other than the British Provinces, the postage is two cents per number of the paper, or one dollar and four cents per year, payable at this office at the time of subscribing.

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"THE EPIPHANY" has been received.

"THE ONE I LOVE," by C. W. M., has been received, and we will try to make room for it.


EVACUATION OF FORT SUMTER.

The "masterly inactivity" of S. Carolina has done more than her enemies for her supposed honor. It has brought the Federal Government, it is reported, to a determination to evacuate Fort Sumter, and leave the redoubtable fortress as a trophy to South Carolina, not of the prowess of her sons, but of the treachery of those whom the people trusted, and who were faithless to their oaths and every obligation of duty. Every lover of his country must feel a sense of humiliation that the misconduct of those who have held power, has brought the Government to so low a condition, that it has not the ability to maintain its own authority against treason and rebellion. It is not that the puissant State of South Carolina, or even the seven seceded States, styling themselves a Confederacy, could hope to war successfully against the Federal Government, when that Government is in the hands of a vigorous administration and the people determined to sustain it against treason. But the utter demoralization of the Government in the hands of a corrupt Cabinet, has placed our affairs in that position that the administration in power is unable for the present to do justice to itself or the people whom it represents. It is in no condition to enforce the laws against armed traitors, for it is without troops and without available ships, and the treason which, at first, could have been arrested by force, has grown to such formidable dimensions, that now to control it, would involve a wide spread and sectional war, which could only end in subjugation, and subjugation would be inimical to the Union, to preserve the integrity of which, would be the object of such a war.

This is a pitiable condition for a great nation to be placed in, but there is no help for it now. The Government has either to face war, with subjugation for its object, or it has to make a virtue of necessity and abandon what is impracticable, the enforcement of the laws and the protection of its property. In one view of the case, the example of the Government yielding the exercise of its functions, where it clearly has jurisdiction, is a bad one, for it is a confession of weakness, which treachery and disloyalty will always take advantage of. The Government which cannot take care of itself has no claim upon the loyalty of any of its citizens, for it is unable to protect them in their rights. But our Government has not been overthrown by a universal sentiment of disloyalty in the people. It was disloyal to itself, and every act that corrupted and wasted the power could do to destroy it was committed. The treachery of those who were appointed to guard it has broken its force and left it the almost helpless thing we find it. The policy then is to see how much of it we can save, and whether we cannot re-construct it, so that it will be the interest of those who administer it, to preserve instead of destroying it. We have been taught a lesson which should not go unimproved.

Viewed as a measure of conciliation, and not as a confession of weakness, the withdrawal of the soldiers from Fort Sumter may have a good effect in quieting sectional excitement. The politicians of the seceding States have done much to mislead the public mind respecting the intentions of the Administration now in power, and the press of the same region taking their tone from the politicians, are even now, with but few exceptions, endeavoring to convince the people that they are about to be precipitated into a civil and remorseless war—a war of invasion, prompted by fanaticism, and urged by hate—and which will not stop till it has drenched Southern soil with blood, and devastated the country with fire. The withdrawal of the Government from the Southern forts within the jurisdiction of the Southern States, will show at once how false that assumption is, and how little cause there was for the conspiracy which purposed the breaking up of the Republic, which our fathers thought they had laid on such foundations of freedom and justice that it would endure for ages. This concession for the sake of peace will probably have but little effect upon South Carolina, in awakening more generous or loyal feelings. Her purpose was disunion, and the immediate moving cause was only the pretext for a foregone conclusion. In the other Southern States there was no such rancorous hate towards the Union existing for years, no such inordinate State pride, no such ambitious hopes luring them on to imaginary power and greatness. It then is quite possible that, their fears once calmed, they will begin to reflect upon the consequences of their acts, and in time may desire to share again the benefits which they have so recklessly and wantonly thrown away.

PLANTS AND SEEDS.

Congress appropriated $60,000 for the distribution of seeds and plants, and this spring the distribution has commenced through the members of Congress, among whom they have been apportioned. A correspondent of the N. Y. Advertiser says they embrace large numbers of grape-vines, of the Isabella, Delaware, Catawba, Diana and Hartford prolific varieties, with some of the Texan varieties, procured by an agent sent tobre for the purpose in 1858-9. Distribution has also been made of eight thousand tea-plants; of a large number of the genuine osier, or basket-willow. Madder-seed, obtained from France, has been sent in considerable quantities to the State agricultural societies. The seeds for distribution embrace one hundred and fifty-four varieties of garden vegetables, and one hundred and ten varieties of flowers, each member receiving from one to four-and-twenty papers of a variety, as it may be suited to the soil or climate of his district. One million of papers have been sent out, and another million of papers are nearly ready to be sent. The Southern Senators and Representatives have received their quotas, and have in several instances written for additional supplies, showing that they are not insensible to the advantages to be derived from this national distribution.

### THE CONSTITUTION OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

The telegraph has already reported a number of the principal differences between the Constitution of the United States and that adopted at Montgomery. The most important of these relate to negro slavery, which is interwoven into a dozen or more sections. In its general outline this document has one advantage over that which it pretends to supersede, the amendments adopted since 1789 having been embodied in the several articles and sections to which they properly belong, while the discarded provisions, relating to the election of President and Vice-President, are omitted.

In the first article an addition has been made to the second section to the effect that "no person of foreign birth, not a citizen of the Confederate States, shall be allowed to vote for any officer, civil or political, State or federal." This is designed to prevent such legislation as in some parts of the West has permitted foreigners, on a declaration of their intentions, to vote for State or territorial officers.

The basis of representation in the House of Representatives is changed from thirty thousand inhabitants as the minimum to fifty thousand. In practice, however, the present apportionment for members is very nearly followed, allowing the three-fifths negro vote as usual. South Carolina shows no increase; Florida gains one; Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, two each, and Texas, four, the whole number being forty-six. Both houses will be conveniently small for all practical purposes.

The House of Representatives have to divide the power of impeachment with the State Legislatures, when any federal officer's residence and duties lie wholly within the limits of any State.

The qualifications for Senator are lowered in one respect, it being only required that he shall be a citizen of the Confederate States, instead of having been such for "nine years," as the United States Constitution requires. We presume that this provision was adopted in view of the acquisition of new territory, where the supply of residents, let alone citizens, for so long a term might be too scanty. A very convenient side door for admitting select visiters—when they apply.

A clause in the second head of the sixth section of article first, provides for the admission of the principal officer in each Executive department to a seat on the floor of either house, with the privilege of discussing measures. The right of full membership, however, is withheld. In this there is an approximation to the mode established in Great Britain, and we are not certain it may work to advantage. The object, of course, is simply to give the Executive a fuller hearing; not to make the ministers responsible, as in monarchical countries.

The free trade *theory* shows itself fully on the subject of taxation. No duties are to be imposed for the purpose of fostering any branch of industry, nor can bounties be granted from the treasury. Any expenditures for improving navigation on coasts, harbors, or rivers, are to be met by duties levied on the commerce to be facilitated thereby. The post-office henceforth must pay its own way, instead of being a burthen upon the treasury. The sudden change will necessitate higher rates for postage. By the way, this provision does not come into operation until March, 1863—a very sensible arrangement.

Upon the subject of the foreign slave trade it is declared that "the importation of *negroes of the African race* from any foreign country other than the slaveholding States or Territories of America, is hereby prohibited;" and Congress is required to pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the same. Congress is also authorized to pass laws to prohibit the introduction of slaves from the States not belonging to the Confederacy.

A two-third vote is necessary for appropriations other than certain classes provided for. The provision against extra compensation to contractors is a judicious one, as is also that which declares that every law or resolution, having the force of law, shall relate to but one subject, which shall be expressed in the title.

The term of office for which the President and Vice-President shall serve, is lengthened from four to six years, the former officer not being re-eligible.

Some not unwholesome checks are put upon the Executive power in requiring the reasons to be reported to the Senate for the removal of all subordinate officers, as also in providing that "no person rejected by the Senate shall be re-appointed to the same office during their ensuing recess." If the former is aimed at discouraging removals from mere party preferences, we could wish its introduction further North. The later is evidently proper.

The third article terms the highest court a *Superior* court. Its jurisdiction is limited, in actions between a State and citizens of another State, to those "in which the State is plaintiff," as no State can be sued.

Those clauses in our constitution which have been interpreted in the interests of slavery, are freed from all ambiguity in the Montgomery document, which reads—"slaves and other property," "slave or other person held to service." Every bolt and bar is provided to render the peculiar institution secure against legal assault. The right of transit with slaves as property is not to be impaired. In all new territory to be acquired "slavery, as it now exists in the Confederate States, shall be recognized and protected both by Congress and the Territorial government."

We are glad to find that treason is still to be punished; and that the new constitution and laws to be passed under it are to be "the supreme law of the land;" also that the *habeas corpus*, the right of trial by jury, and certain other old-fashioned rules are still left unaltered.

### HELP IN DIFFERENT LOCALITIES.

Some of our exchanges are comparing notes on the etiquette of different localities in the employment of girls to do the work of the household. The rules that govern this important branch of service vary somewhat in different degrees of longitude. The Milwaukee Sentinel says:

"When a girl is hired in Milwaukee, one of the conditions is that she can have all the lovers she wants: that they can have the eating and drinking of the kitchen *ad libitum*; that she can go to balls three nights in a week, and have kitchen receptions the other nights; and that she shall have unlimited access to all the bureaus and trunks in the house, without being subject to the vulgar suspicion of being considered a thief."

The Buffalo Commercial says:

"In Buffalo, the night key and key to the wine cellar are understood to be often points of dispute between the lady and her help and one domestic actually *resigned* because plated spoons were in use in the kitchen"

The Rochester Union says:

"Here, in Rochester, it is a condition of employment that the mistress of the house shall be up early, read to attend to the calls of the milkman the butcher, and the baker, as the girl cannot be suitably dressed to appear at the door in presence of these important purveyors to the larder."

## AMUSEMENTS

At the *Arch* Street Theatre, Mr. Chas. Dillon, an English actor of really great ability in certain characters, played to good houses all last week, and will continue his engagement through the present week. His great part is "Belphegor," which he presents with a reality that we have never before seen equalled. Being generally well supported at the Arch, the entertainments presented there during his engagement will scarcely fail to please.

At the *Walnut*, Josephine Gougenheim concluded a rather indifferent engagement on Monday evening, of this week, being succeeded by a French Company from New York. They are announced for only five nights.

At the *Olympic*, the indefatigable McDonough has introduced into the ever attractive "Seven Sisters" a new skating scene, which was first presented to the public on Friday night, before a large and greatly amused audience. The "Seven Sisters" has been played for fifty successive nights, a thing almost unheard of in Philadelphia.

*Blitz, Bobby and the Birds*, the three great Bs, are positively to leave us for the interior towns of this State. They will probably be off in a few days, and we have much reason to believe that they will meet from both their old and young friends a cordial greeting.

*People's Concerts*, a la Julien, are announced at Concert Hall. An orchestra of forty musicians appear in it. The selections and the performances are said to be very fine.

*Sanford* is prolific in burlesque, and with an eye to business seizes upon everything that

*Barnum*, the veritable Barnum, is again among us with an exhibition of the wonderful Aztecs and the Albino Family, at Assembly offers. The Stereopticon is a great place for innocent amusement.

Building.

*Abel and Leyland's Stereopticon*, at Assembly Building, is attracting large audiences from classes of persons rarely found at public exhibitions. It is shown every afternoon and evening.

*The Menagerie* of rare animals at the Government Buildings, Chesnut, below Fifth street, is more attractive the more its location and the variety of animals on exhibition are known. There is much to learn in the way of natural history at the show, which is well and cleanly kept.

FOREIGNERS NOW.—Passengers for Savannah by the steamship lines were notified that their baggage would be subject to the scrutiny of the Savannah Custom House officers. The officers, it is said, make a very rigid examination, and allow nothing but the strictly personal effects of the passengers to pass.

## LITERARY RECORD.

**The Tiger Slayer, a Romance of the Forest and Prairie.** By Gustave Aimard. E. D. Long & Co.: New York, Peterson: Philadelphia.

This novel, in cheap form, covers many very exciting incidents of Indian life, the author, it is said, having spent "many years as an Indian among Indians." He has woven into this story the extraordinary events of which he has been witness during his sojourn among them. The book is cheap, and the story, in some of its incidents, incredibly thrilling.

**The Crossed Path, or Basil.** By Wilkie Collins, Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

This is a story of modern life, and, like all the productions of its author, possesses absorbing interest. The interest and beauty of fiction are strikingly blended with the realities of life, and yet the plot is worked out naturally, and occurrences which in their progress seem in explicable, are, by the skill of the author, made to appear not only probable, but so truthful that the reader's sympathy and interest are completely captivated and enlisted in the cause of the principal actors. The volume is issued in capital style, and will, no doubt meet with large sale.

**Father Tom and the Pope, or a Night at the Vatican.** Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This neat little volume, in cheap form, is accompanied with illustrative engravings of scenes between the Pope and Father Tom. It is a humorous sketch and a broad satire on the faith and practice of Mother Rome. Father Tom goes to Rome; he is a Romish priest from Ireland, and in Rome, his Holiness invites the celebrated champion of the Church to take "pot luck wid him." At the table the Pope offers him various kinds of wine, but Father Tom, more accustomed to something stronger and warmer, complains of the drink, and greatly to the disgust of the Pope produces a bottle of the "rale stuff" from his coat pocket. His Holiness rebukes him for bringing his own liquor when coming to dine with the prince of princes, but catching a whiff of the whisky across the table, asks for the bottle, brings it to his blessed nose, and exclaims, "Holy Virgin! but it has the divine smell." After this they have a good time generally.

## NEWS AND NOTINGS.

. . . . Mr. Plants is the bud that is trying to bloom into a U. S. Senator from Ohio, in place of Mr. Chase.

. . . . Mires, just arrested in Paris, was, five years ago, an old clo' merchant—he is now a defaulter for millions of francs.

. . . . Dr. Laville, of Paris, announces a new and positive cure for the gout. We trust that he may have succeeded in conquering this "*opprobrium medicorum.*"

. . . . The Miss Lilly Tyler, who loosed "the impatient folds" of the Southern banner at Montgomery, the other day, is a daughter of ex-President Tyler, and not a grand-daughter as has been reported.

. . . . We learn from Washington that Seward has chopped off only a head or so by way of experiment; but Chase, it is said, will roll up his sleeves this week, and like the premium sheep butchers of New York, will dress off his victims at the rate of twenty an hour. The pressure upon every department is tremendous.

. . . . Our army news reporter says:

"It has not yet been decided to what posts the extra military now in Washington will be assigned. when the national capital resumes its wonted quiet. There seems to be an understanding in army circles, however, that a permanent force of soldiers of the line will be kept at the seat of government."

We trust there is no foundation for this report. When we begin to keep troops of the line permanently at the seat of government, despotism will soon take the place of democracy. If there is any apparent necessity for a standing army in the Federal district, there ought to be none—but otherwise we do not believe that the American people care to see a Swiss Guard in the neighborhood of the Palace, nor troops that may be transformed into Pretorian bands, quite so near the Capitol. The hitherto Presidents of the United States never had occasion for a "permanent force of soldiers," and we trust no exigency will ever arise to render Mr. Lincoln an exception to the general rule.

THE AGGREGATE NUMBER OF DEATHS in Philadelphia for the week ending on Saturday, the 16th inst., was 285—117 adults and 168 children. There were 48 from consumption of the lungs, 11 from inflammation of the lungs, 18 from small pox, 19 from scarlet fever, 17 from debility, 12 from convulsions, 10 from diptheria and 4 from palsy. One person in the list was over 100 years.

## TELEGRAPH NEWS.

### U. S. SENATE—EXTRA SESSION.

#### Speech of Mr. Breckinridge.

WASHINGTON, March 18.

Mr. Douglas' resolutions of inquiry were called up.

Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, said it was not his intention to trespass long upon the time of the Senate; but in the present anxious and distracted condition of the country this body should not adjourn without expressing an opinion on the existing state of affairs, and giving some advice tending to allay the public apprehension. Having, as an official position as presiding officer, he had of necessity been a silent spectator of the scenes before him. Since the last Congress met, the Confederacy had been dismembered. At an early period of the late session, he, with others, had made strenuous efforts in order to consummate a satisfactory adjustment. Unhappily, all these efforts have failed. He thought he foresaw, soon after Congress met, that they would all fail, and accordingly, more than two months ago he wrote to the Governor of Kentucky to that effect. No man regretted this failure more than he did; and now the other branch of Congress having adjourned, he should regret if this body separated without giving their opinion, or advice, in order to allay apprehension in the public mind. Then the immediate question was one of peace or war. So it was to-day. Whatever may be the possibility of an ultimate adjustment to unite all the States, it was now one of peace or war. Public opinion seemed to be divided as to the meaning of the inaugural. The Senator from Illinois (Mr. Douglas) had construed it to mean peace and conciliation. The Senator from Maine (Mr. Fessenden) had also said so. The President himself certainly used general terms of conciliation. But then it was proper to inquire what kind of peace, and in what terms it can be maintained. The country, however, should not be lulled by a general assurance of peace, unless he was prepared to give it. He regretted that he had not been able to construe the inaugural address as other Senators. He was free to confess, and he was gratified to do so, that the general expressions are for harmony and the prevention of bloodshed; but the policy which the President says he deems it his duty to pursue must result in bloodshed, unless it is essentially modified. When proceeding from the inaugural that part which seemed to him to be the key on this important point, and then said, the leading idea was therein very clearly put forth that the President does not recognize, in any sense, the existence of another Confederacy of States, but that he regards all the proceedings and acts in the seceded States as those of insurgency and revolutionary, and that it is his purpose, to the extent of the power confided in him, and the force at his command, to enforce the laws in all the States, including those which have withdrawn. Beyond this power, "there will be no invasion—no use of force." This inference was irresistible that to whatever extent force or invasion is necessary to collect duties on imports, and to maintain, possess and occupy the forts, that force will be employed, by construing it to be his constitutional duty. It is true the President has qualified this declaration by saying that the course here indicated will be followed, "unless current events and experience shall show a modification or change to be proper, and in every case and exigency my last discretion will be exercised according to circumstances actually existing, and with a view and a hope of a peaceful solution of the national troubles and the restoration of fraternal sympathies and affections." He (Breckinridge) took this qualification to mean that he will undertake to execute the laws as to hold the forts and other places within the withdrawing States, excepting where circumstances show his inability to do so. If he will not undertake to exercise these functions because it will be irritating and make the hopes of a peaceful solution more doubtful, then this policy would be that which would prevent irritation and bloodshed. But the President conceived it to be his duty to hold, possess and occupy the forts, and collect the duty on imports, to be modified according to the necessities of the case which may surround him. Otherwise his policy would be simple and easy. That were the reasons for the rumored evacuation of Fort Sumter? Not political, but military reasons—not because in the opinion of the Administration the holding of the fort would irritate the public mind and render conciliation and harmony doubtful, but because the military and naval power does not exist to penetrate to that point. Unless the purpose of the President was to use force so far as was necessary, he would, if his object was purely conciliatory, withdraw the troops for political not military reasons. This was the only reason why the evacuation was to be excused by the dominant party and the Republican press. Then he thought he was justified in construing the inaugural to mean that the President will hold the forts and other places within the Confederate States and collect duties on imports to the extent of his power; and if there is any modification it will be because of his inability, and not because he would be willing to withdraw the troops for the purpose of producing conciliation and peace in the public mind. It was avowed the other day, when the bill was passed making an appropriation for a certain number of steamers of light draught and heavy armament, that it was for no other purpose than to invade the shallow waters of the Southern States, should it become necessary. The public press gave but little ground of hope that this policy, if pursued, would avoid bloodshed. The character of the Cabinet was not such as to induce the belief that force will not be used. Although Mr Seward breathed general words of conciliation, he said he would "not only speak a good many words for the Union, but would fight for the Union." If this gentleman had modified his views, he (Mr Breckinridge) did not know of it. The Secretary of the Treasury, the Postmaster General, the Attorney General, and perhaps every other member of the Cabinet with one exception, are understood by the country to favor the policy of coercion, if it becomes necessary to reduce the South to subjugation. The very organization of the Senate, and the opinions continually expressed by Republicans here, show that their purpose is to maintain the authority of the Federal Government over the withdrawing States, by force, if necessary. In the formation of the Standing Committees, there was scarcely a chairman of any one of them whose known opinion was not in favor of this policy. The country should not be deceived. What was meant by peace and conciliation? How was it to be maintained? He desired to know it as sincerely as he desired the restoration of all the States. He had seen no measure of practical policy which tends to produce the desired result. We are in constant danger of a collision and bloodshed. Perhaps in no other country on the globe than our own could such events long exist without producing bloody consequences. We are, he repeated liable at any time to hear of a collision of arms. For the sake of the political and material interests of the country, the support of its credit and general prosperity, let us establish some leading principle. Mr Breckinridge put he question: Should the authority of the Federal Government be maintained over the withdrawn States by force of arms? This exhausts the entire subject. If the answer is yes, it is proper for it to be known. But there is no adequate preparation here. In those seven States, the only cause of irritation was the Federal possession of the scattered forts. If they are to be maintained by arms, let us get ready for the conflict. If not, then the policy is clear. If the Union is not to be maintained by arms, then the only policy is to withdraw the troops from the limits of the Confederate States. There are not, he repeated, sufficient troops to coerce the people. To you would avail yourself of the last chance of re uniting the States, withdraw the troops. Their presence there could do no good, but incalculable harm. Nay, more, it could not be disguised, that while seven States had withdrawn, the eight other States remaining in the Union are discouraged, gloomy and threatening. Their course will, in all probability, be determined by the policy of this Administration. In his opinion, if a halting policy be pursued, the forts abandoned, and the squadrons withdrawn under the pressure of circumstances and necessity merely, at the same time setting up the claim of coercion without the power to exercise it, or if blood should be shed, you will have destroyed the last hope of reuniting the States, and maintaining in their integrity what is left of the Union. It might be presumption in him, but he thought the Senators representing the several States, and being an advisory Council, ought to advise the President, by resolution, to withdraw the troops, and not to take any steps looking like a menace, but to throw the chances on an amicable negotiation. If the peace policy was not to prevail, let us get ready for the conflict; but, if blood be shed, the last hope of preserving what is left of the Union will be gone. His opinion was that the Federal Government cannot be restored or preserved on the principles which brought the dominant party into power.

Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, said that some remarks had fallen from the Senator to which he had hoped never to feel the necessity of replying; but they had been repeated so often and so many times—but not so well said heretofore as by the Senator from Kentucky—that he felt again called on, at the expense of being called tedious, to put in an answer which he thought was founded on the plainest principles of history. As to what course the Administration should take respecting the forts and the withdrawal of the forces, he had no advice to give until it was called for. He had not been in council with the Administration. The President had selected those competent to advise him, and relying on their advice, does not feel the necessity of relying upon that of any one outside. He had contented himself with the sentiment of the Senator from the late State of Texas on a former occasion.

Mr. Wigfall, interrupting, said Texas was a State before she was admitted into the Union—is a State now, and he hoped always would be a State or until she left the Federal pos session of the scattered forts. If they are to be maintained by arms, let us get ready for the conflict. If not, then the policy is clear. If the Union is not to be maintained by arms, then the only policy is to withdraw the troops from the limits of the Confederate States. There are not, he repeated, sufficient troops to coerce the people. To you would avail yourself of the last chance of re uniting the States, withdraw the troops. Their presence there could do no good, but incalculable harm. Nay, more, it could not be disguised, that while seven States had withdrawn, the eight other States remaining in the Union are discouraged, gloomy and threatening. Their course will, in all probability, be determined by the policy of this Administration. In his opinion, if a halting policy be pursued, the forts abandoned, and the squadrons withdrawn under the pressure of circumstances and necessity merely, at the same time setting up the claim of coercion without the power to exercise it, or if blood should be shed, you will have destroyed the last hope of reuniting the States, and maintaining in their integrity what is left of the Union. It might be presumption in him, but he thought the Senators representing the several States, and being an advisory Council, ought to advise the President, by resolution, to withdraw the troops, and not to take any steps looking like a menace, but to throw the chances on an amicable negotiation. If the peace policy was not to prevail, let us get ready for the conflict; but, if blood be shed, the last hope of preserving what is left of the Union will be gone. His opinion was that the Federal Government cannot be restored or preserved on the principles which brought the dominant party into power.

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## A COMFORTER.

[FROM THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S JOURNAL.]

Will she come to me little, Effie—
Will she come in my arms to rest,
And nestle her head on my shoulder,
While the sun goes down in the west?

I and Effie will sit together
All alone in this great arm-chair;
Is it silly to mind it, darling,
When life is so hard to bear?

No one comforts me like my Effie,
Just I think that she does not try—
Only looks with a wistful wonder,
Why grown people should ever cry;

While her little soft arms close tighter
Round my neck in their clinging hold;
Well—I must not cry on your hair, dear,
For my tears might tarnish the gold.

I am tired of trying to read, dear;
It is worse to talk and seem gay:
There are some kinds of sorrow, Effie,
It is useless to thrust away.

Ah! advice may be wise, my darling,
But one always knows it before;
And the reasoning down one's sorrow
Seems to make one suffer the more.

But my Effie won't reason, will she?
Or endeavor to understand;
Only hold up her mouth to kiss me,
As she strokes my face with her hand.

If you break your plaything yourself, dear,
Don't you cry for it all the same?
I don't think it is such a comfort,
One has only one's self to blame.

People say things cannot be helped, dear,
But, then, that is the reason why;
For if things could be helped or altered,
One would never sit down to cry.

They say, too, that tears are quite useless,
To undo, amend, or restore—
When I think *how* useless, my Effie,
Then my tears only fall the more.

All to-day I struggled against it,
But that does not make a sorrow cease,
And now, dear, it is such a blessing
To be able to cry in peace.

Though wise people would call that folly,
And remonstrate with grave surprise;
We won't mind what they say, my Effie,
We never professed to be wise.

But my comforter knows a lesson,
Wiser, truer than all the rest,
That to help and to hush sorrow,
Love and silence are always best.

Well—who is my comforter!—tell me!
Effie smiles, but she will not speak,
Or look up through the long curled lashes
That are shading her rosy cheek.

Is she thinking of talking fishes,
The blue bird, or magical tree?
Perhaps I am thinking, my darling,
Of something that never can be.

You long—don't you dear?—for the genii
Who were slaves of lamps and of rings;
And I—I am sometimes afraid, dear,
I want as impossible things.

But hark! there is nurse calling, Effie;
It is bed-time, so run away;
And I must go back, or the others
Will be wondering why I stay.

So good night to my darling Effie;
Keep happy, sweet heart, and grow wise:
There's one kiss for her golden tresses
And two for her sleepy eyes

A. A. P.

## THE FARMER.

☞ Persons sending communications to this office, advertising seeds and other articles for sale, must put them in the shape of advertisements, and pay the usual advertising charge.

☞ Some of the contributors to this column seem to forget, after receiving the paper, that our offer of a free subscription conditions for a continued communication. Those who neglect to comply with this condition will be stricken from our free list.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

### CUCUMBERS.

SOIL.—The cucumber will grow in almost any soil, but a good, rich and loose sandy or light loamy soil is always the best.

TIME AND MODE OF PLANTING.—Prepare your ground, when it is nice and dry, by digging holes eighteen inches wide and as deep, and six or seven or more feet apart each way, to let your growing cucumber vines have room enough to run and bear well. Fill these holes with rich and well-rotted stable-manure and a light sandy or loamy earth well intermixed, and, if you have it, a little wood-ashes and bone-dust. And then cover each hole, as filled, with good loam or earth enough to raise your hills some three, four, five or six inches above the level of the adjoining ground. And then about the 1st of May, or sooner, if the weather is favorable, put from eight to ten cucumber seeds into each hill so prepared, and after your plants have become firmly rooted and put out leaves, remove all of the weaker plants so as only to let the three or four strongest remain in each hill.

BLOSSOMING OF PLANTS.—The *female* blossoms are easily known and distinguished by their always having a little ball or point, the form of the future cucumber, at their central interior bases, and varying in size from one-fourth to one-half an inch in length—while the *male* blossoms never have any such balls or central protuberances. And this is equally true of all of our other vine-plants, such as the melon, citron, pumpkin, grape, &c. And these female blossoms are the only blossoms that will bear fruit; but even these cannot bear fruit until they have been first impregnated with the *pollen* or fine, fructifying dust or matter contained in the male blossoms. For a few *male* blossoms always appear on each vine a day or two before any female blossoms appear or expand. And if the weather is *very rainy* when these male and female blossoms are expanded or expanding, such rain will be very likely to *drown the blossoms*, as it is called, and so prevent such impregnation, and, of course, its consequent fruit-bearing. This impregnation and fruit-bearing, however, may be secured by *artificial* impregnation done by hand in such unfavorable seasons. But it is deemed unnecessary to describe its *modus operandi* here.

AFTER-CULTURE.—After your vines have put out three or four rough leaves, nip off their tips or points, as this will make them branch out and bear fruit sooner than they otherwise would. But as such nipping off of the points of the vine will tend, in a dry season, to weaken their vitality and kill your vines, it had better be omitted in dry seasons. And if you have put no manure at all into your hills yet, you may now, as soon as your vines begin to spread, sprinkle, every few evenings, a little water every few evenings a little water over them containing hen-dung in solution, as this will greatly invigorate your plants and hasten their fruit-bearing and also productiveness.

CUCUMBER BUGS.—A good sprinkling of air-slaked lime over cucumber, pumpkin, squash, and other vines, as soon as the striped bugs begin to appear on them, will, it is said, make them depart for parts unknown, and this without injuring the vine. So *charcoal dust* sifted over the vines, or an *onion* stalk growing in each cucumber hill will, it is said, produce the same effect. A sprinkling of strong soap suds on the vines is also good. So watering the plants with liquid barn-yard manure is not only offensive to the bugs, but at the same time hastens the growth of the plant or vine.

*March*, 1861. WEST BRANCH.

Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

### THE HONEY BEE.

The *location* of a swarm of bees I consider of great importance. If they are placed in a cool, damp situation, where the sun seldom or never shines, as in the shade of a tree, a building, or an old rack of a bee-house they will never thrive; for the simple reason that when a bee returns to the hive laden with honey they are heavy, and if they happen to miss the alighting board, as they often do, and fall to the ground, they seldom rise, but remain there and perish. To obviate this effect, the hives should stand in a warm, dry place, a little raised from the ground on a platform erected for the purpose. Bees should not be huddled up in too close quarters, and especially if the hives are all nearly of the same size and color, for they will often make mistakes, entering a neighboring hive instead of their own, causing them to be in constant turmoil; they ought not to be less than six feet, and ten feet apart is preferable. When two or three swarms are in one hive, as is often the case with the patent hives, the bees become so well acquainted with each other, that they pass from one swarm to another without interruption. In this way secret plunder is constantly going on to the great disadvantage of the weaker swarm. I know this is so, for I have stood and watched their movements and convinced myself. We, therefore, came to the conclusion that no hive ought to contain more than one swarm; and as hard and smooth surfaces are the best conductors of heat and cold, neither glass or planed boards ought to come in contact with the bees. Not only are smooth surfaces in the interior of the hive greatly objectionable in the winter season, on account of the danger of freezing the condensed vapor, and consequently the bees that come in contact with it, but they are objectionable in every point of consideration. The inside of a hive should be of rough boards, just as they came from the saw-mill, the outside may be planed and painted, providing the painting is done in time to become thoroughly seasoned before using. Every one has probably observed how difficult it is for bees to crawl up or attach themselves to a smooth surface, either of glass or wood, in a perpendicular position, and still more difficult with their back downwards—a position they are obliged to occupy when hanging in one large cluster in the interior of the hive where they have been recently deposited. It would seem almost impossible for a large swarm of bees weighing eight or ten pounds, as they usually do, to hang suspended from the under side even of a very rough board, yet they can do that very readily, and attach their comb firmly; but when the surface is smooth they often loose their hold, and the whole swarm is suddenly precipitated on the bottom board. In the excitement the queen rushes madly from the hive, rises in the air, and of course is closely followed by all her willing subjects, making their way to some secluded retreat. I have often heard bee-keepers remark, in regard to loosing swarms, that they all seem to drop suddenly and leave the hive in a moment's time. The general opinion is in such cases that they really intend to leave. But this is a sad mistake, the bees anticipated no such thing, and were, no doubt, as much surprised and maddened by being thus inadvertently precipitated, as the owner was on seeing them take their flight beyond his control. Whoever is so unlucky as to have a swarm of bees abscond soon after being hived, should never blame the bees, they are perfectly innocent; but the owner should blame *himself* alone, and learn in future to provide clean hives and a rough surface for them to cling to, and, my word for it, he will not lose one swarm in fifty. This puts us in mind of the philosopher's reply to a *complaining farmer*—

"If vain your *toil*,
Blame the *culture*, not the *soil*!"

Honey bees are indeed wise little insects and, when their habits and nature are carefully studied, seem almost endowed with reason, capable of selecting and fitting up their own abode in a manner to answer their own design; acting in the capacity of carpenter or mason in providing themselves with sufficient room, and in applying pitch and wax as circumstances may require. If, by accident, a small rent is made so as to admit the cold air, or rain beats in upon them, with one accord and unabated zeal they work till they have it, every whit, made whole. They also build their comb in the most scientific and skillful manner, and while other insects are scattered far and wide over the fields and dying by thousands on the approach of cold weather, honey bees have acted the part of human wisdom, united in large colonies, and supplied themselves in a season of plenty with an abundance of provisions for future wants. What wisdom and industry is here manifested in a little insect, which, above all other insects in point of order, neatness and real value to mankind, most deservedly bears the palm.

H. A. T.

*Susquehanna Depot*, 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

### BAD HUSBANDRY.

The wretched appearance of many of our farms, buildings ruinous and unsightly, soil weedy and unproductive, fences falling and fallen, is to be ascribed in a great measure to one vast and prevalent failing, viz., the possession of two many acres. An extensive farm does not, consequently, prove a valuable one. It is not the number of acres cultivated, but the manner in which they are cultivated, that should engage the energies of the farmer; for the product of one acre thoroughly husbanded is superior to the produce of six managed in the way that some farmers do.

Another oversight that causes much trouble and perplexity, is the disproportion which the different parts of the farm bear towards each other. The pasture is too extensive for the other grass lands, and the hay must be purchased, perhaps at an advanced price, to support the stock through the winter, or a portion of that stock must be sold to preserve the remnant from starvation. The tillage is too confined to yield the crops which are actually necessary for home consumption, and the barn or the wood lot must supply the deficiency. These are startling facts but they are nevertheless true and of frequent occurrence.

Another subject which demands notice is, the want of capital among our farmers at their outset. This, though it cannot rightly be termed a failing, is, in the most literal sense of the word, an oversight. Farming requires capital as well as any other business, and a want of it often produces disappointment and failure. Ready money in this occupation, as in every other, breeds more, or to say the least, makes a great saving. Buildings must be repaired, tools must be purchased, and various other matters furnished; and if the farmer, to answer his wants, has to part with a portion of his crops at an unseasonable time, and in an overstocked market, he feels the evil consequences for a long time. And how is this to be avoided? In this way—never purchase land, or in fact anything else, till you can pay for it without draining the last cent from your purse, unless you have a speedy prospect of realizing a moderate profit. Always be sure to keep on hand at all times sufficient ready money to defray unlooked-for expenses.

There is one more general cause of the bad appearance of so many of our farms, and it is one most to be lamented—it is an actual ignorance of many important agricultural subjects. No farmer who reads the experiments and suggestions of others, and prosecutes observations and researches of his own, need remain in ignorance of any division of his employment. True, he may not be expert and thorough in everything, and it is not to be expected that he will, but he may easily have a general knowledge of the principles of every subject included in the term agriculture. There are many who neither strive to better themselves by instruction and hints from others, or by a minute attention to the subject on their own part. On such men as these we can place no hope; and we regret their negligence, not so much on our own account as on account of the ruinous example they offer to those under their direction, and in their immediate vicinity. It is possible for the seeds of an evil tree to germinate, or for the vapors of a poisonous plant to spread far and wide. Having noticed some of the principal causes of bad husbandry, I shall in my next offer a few remarks on the selection and management of a farm.

*Ohio*, 1861. BUCKEYE.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

### TRANSPLANTING EVERGREENS.

I have recently noticed in one of the popular periodicals, I think the Atlantic Monthly, the remark that our native hemlock would not bear transplanting. Now, as the hemlock is one of our finest evergreens, either standing singly or in forming hedges when properly treated, it is to be regretted that such an erroneous idea should prevail. Having had much experience in transplanting our native evergreens, I am satisfied that the failures in transplanting this, and perhaps some other varieties, arise from two causes; first, allowing the roots to become dry after they are taken up and before they are transplanted; second, planting them on a soil to which they are not adapted. If the roots of the hemlock are exposed to the air and sun as much as most deciduous trees may be, almost without detriment, they are certainly worthless for planting. There are also certain soils upon which the plants usually fail, even under the best treatment. At a meeting of the Farmers' Club, in New York, one of the speakers remarked that there was only one month in the year in which the hemlock could be transplanted. I do not recollect which month he named, but I am accustomed to transplant them in May and June, with results perfectly satisfactory to myself, and without being able to decide which month is the best. That this season may be still farther extended there is no doubt in my own mind. Those who are accustomed to see the hemlock only as it grows in the forest, can form no idea of its great beauty as an ornamental tree, or of its appearance in the hedge row when transplanted very small and treated with proper care.

A. M. W.

*Syracuse. N. Y.*, 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.

### INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

BEARDLESS BARLEY.—*Prairie Mills, Iowa.*—I have often felt as if I wanted to write something for your excellent "Newspaper," but never having written for the public eye, have supposed I might not be able to make myself intelligible. But I feel that *some one* ought to answer your inquiries about beardless Barley. In the spring of 1856, I obtained one ounce from W. Briggs, P. M. of West Madden, Wayne county, N. Y., planted in rows ten inches apart and about five inches in the row, and put one seed in a hole made by a "dibble." We call it "Nepaul or Beardless Barley." I obtained nine and three-quarter pounds of fine plump seed. A good miller pronounced it fine grain, and supposed it would make good meal. It attracted much attention. It looks beautiful when in blossom, and is, I think, full as productive as the common barley. It has no hull, the grain is entirely smooth, and it is generally thought it would not do for malt. Some said they had seen the same kind growing in Canada, and another saw it in Oregon; and an old grain dealer and miller said he bought a lot of it fifteen years ago in Davenport, Iowa, is sure it was the *same kind*, sent it to St. Louis, and it was sold for hog feed. Be this as it may, I am satisfied it would be an excellent variety in the Far West, where we cannot raise fall grain with any certainty of success, and our corn is often cut short by early frosts. The stock eat up the straw clean, and seem to relish it much. In 1857 and '58 it failed entirely, was blighted in the same manner as the wheat in those seasons. In 1859, having but little seed left, planted again in the garden and it produced well. In 1860, sowed about a one-acre field. This yielded well, but supposing I was about to move away, I fed it to stock without threshing. I am now sorry for it, and would be glad to obtain more seed at a reasonable price. The soil was good hazel brush prairie, which overlays a clay subsoil. It "tillers" very much, from five to sixteen heads from one grain. The above is strictly reliable.

As for "Hungarian Grass," it will doubtless kill horses if left to ripen and fed plentifully with the addition of other grain. This fact is amply demonstrated in this vicinity. Your correspondent, "T. H.," of Council Bluffs, has written the best article on this subject that I have yet seen in any of the agricultural journals.

Sorghum is an established institution in Iowa, as good syrup as the best Stewart's, Belcher's, or even maple, was made in abundance last season, and excellent brown sugar of good color and grain. Hitherto the sugar has not been exactly *made*, but it was *found* in the syrup after it has been made some time. We hope to find some way of graining it not yet known.

T. C. B.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

### INQUIRIES.

POTATOES.—What is the *color* of the skin and of the interior flesh of the Carter Potato and also of the Davis' Seedling Potato, two choice varieties of Massachusetts origin, I believe? And what is their value as compared with the Prince Albert or White Napoleon Potato, and also the Colebrook Seedling potato, of Connecticut?—and also the White Mexican Potato introduced here from the high table lands of Mexico some eight or nine years ago? I would like to procure the best white-fleshed potato that can be procured in our country for table use, and would, therefore, be pleased to have the opinion of potato-growers on these and other varieties of the potato.

A FRIEND OF POTATOES.

GRAPEVINES.—*Rockingham County, N. H.*—Can any of the readers or contributors to the "Dollar Newspaper" inform a subscriber respecting the grapevine? I have a vine, nine years from the seed, of the Malaga raisin. It is a very luxurious and hardy vine, never has been protected. It blows very full with large bunches, but bears no grapes. Not being acquainted with the raising of the grape, I solicit information to know whether it can be made to bear. An early reply will be cordially received.

J. L. B.

Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

### CABBAGE AND TOMATO PLANTS.

In the Newspaper of February 27th, there is an inquiry in reference to the raising of early hrifty cabbage and tomato plants, and if it has not been answered before this reaches you, my plan may be of benefit to the inquirer; if not his year, the one following. For cabbage bed for plants, take a box made of boards, say eight feet long, four wide and one deep, place this on posts four feet high, on the south or east side of some out-building, fill it with good dirt, (wash of the road or barn yard is best,) and sow the seed about the middle of March or first of April. If this plan don't produce the best plants, Berks must be different from our mountain counties. I would recommend the Low Dutch variety as the best. For tomatoes, take a box that, when filled with dirt, can be carried by a man; fill with the best dirt you can get, and sow in it the seed, not more than an inch deep, about the middle of March or sooner if large plants are wanted. Keep the box in a warm room, with plenty of light and enough of water to keep the dirt moist. Tea grounds put among the plants are considered a good manure. To obtain good and early seed, always keep the first ripe fruit that comes on the stalk.

P. K.

*Cherry Tree*, 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

### HOW CORN SHRINKS.

Perhaps our readers may be better able to judge of the profit of marketing corn in the ear now, or of holding it until spring, after reading what follows: Mr. Walker, of Champaign county, told us he weighed out seventy-five pounds of corn in the ear, dried it thoroughly, shelled it, and weighed the corn and cobs. The corn weighed fifty-one pounds, the cobs nine pounds—in all sixty pounds, having *lost fifteen pounds!* He thinks that it did not shrink more than most of the corn that is wintered over.—*Freeport Journal.*

I have cut the above out of a newspaper, copied, I think, from the "Freeport Journal," a newspaper published in Northern Illinois. For as the inquiry, how corn shrinks, or rather *how much* corn shrinks in the process of its cob's drying, and also from age, is a matter of much *practical* importance to the producer and consumer of Indian Corn. I would be glad to have this subject fully explained by some of our Western corn-growers, and also by some of the most observant corn-growers in our Eastern States. Who will enlighten us more fully on this point than Mr. Walker has done?

INQUIRER.

## SCIENCE AND ART.

### INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

CONSTRUCTION OF RAILWAY BRAKES.—The plan of railway brakes, proposed by Mr. Higgin an English engineer, and which we have referred to on a former occasion, is spoken highly of by the London Artisan. The inventor's plan is, to increase the friction surface on each brake car at least a hundredfold, as compared with the present four-wheeled brake. To secure this and other improvements, some rather considerable change is made in the construction of the car or portions of it. For the existing small wheels, it is proposed to use wheels of about six feet diameter; but the cars, so far from being higher will run much nearer the rails, the object being to obtain the brake power by causing the car to settle down upon the rails like a sledge, a suitable under-surface being provided for that purpose. This consists of two iron plates, each about twenty-three feet long—supposing the car to be thirty three feet in length—one under each of the main beams of the car immediately over the rails, and furnished with inner flanges similarly to the wheels. When the car is in motion, these plates will be about four inches above the rails, and there is a mechanical arrangement by which the engine driver can lower the car these few inches.

The axle borings are made with screw nuts, in which work strong screws for the raising or lowering, and the screws are turned by bevel wheels, actuated by a shaft running under the car, and receiving its power from a small donkey engine attached to, and of course receiving steam from, the locomotive. This auxiliary engine has two cylinders and it works a crank shaft running from it to the brake car or cars. Whenever, therefore, it is wished to stop the train, this engine is started, and it revolves the shaft extending beneath the cars; the shaft turns the bevel wheels, which are, in fact, the heads of the screws, and the car is gradually and softly lowered—the work of two or three seconds—until the long friction plates come in contact with the rails, on which they will not glide very far. As soon as the car is lowered sufficiently it shuts off its own steam, and it does the same when, by reversing the motion, it has again raised the car to the proper working level. There is an index which shows the height of the plates above the rails.

ROLLING IRON.—The London Engineer gives some account of a process, purely mechanical, by which it is possible to increase the tensile strength of a bar of common malleable iron fifty per cent., and this without the aid of heat. The principle is the same as that by which wire is stronger per square inch of section than the bar from which it was originally drawn. Bars of common merchant iron are passed cold between grooved rollers until the requisite degree of compression is attained. An instance is mentioned, in which a bar, two and one-eighth inches diameter, and fifteen feet long, was rolled down to two inches in ten minutes—which practice this time could be reduced one-half. The one-eighth of an inch is not lost—as in turning a shaft in a lathe, as the bar is lengthened about one and one-half inch to the foot. The bar so came out quite polished, and parallel enough for shafting, but not quite straight. It was straightened by hand by two men in half an hour, and might be done by machinery in a few minutes. According to Mr. Fairbairn, the effect of the consolidation was to increase the strength of the bar in the ratio of ten to fifteen, in the experiments made by him.

POWER OF TRANSMISSION IN THE ATMOSPHERE.—Under favorable circumstances, the atmosphere will transmit to great distances any agitation that is raised in it. As an instance of this, the experiment of M. Biot may be cited. Having an opportunity of operating with a very long cast iron pipe, forming part of an aqueduct in course of construction at Paris, M. Biot found that, even when the pipe was one thousand and forty yards, or more than half a mile long the explosion of a pistol fired into it at one end would blow out a candle at the other, and that the lowest whisper at one end was distinctly audible at the other as to the speaker himself. This experiment succeeded better at night than in the day time. Although, however, the air in a tube where any lateral escape is impossible, shows this marvellous sensitiveness, a similar result does not follow if one speaking in open, unconfined air. It is a matter of familiar experience, that sound, under these circumstances, decays and dies away, till at last it ceases to become audible. This decay is only the natural consequence of the fact that the original force is constantly spreading through a wider space, and is getting, so to speak, diluted.

SOMETHING FOR THE SCIENTIFIC.—The Milwaukie correspondent of the Railroad Review, states that there is an engine in use on the Milwaukie and Prairie du Chien Railway, which, when fired up, shows the presence of electricity, in a manner and to an extent which, to machinists in this section, is unaccountable. If any of your readers can furnish an explanation of the cause, we should be pleased to have them do so. When she is blowing off or steam escaping from the safety-valve, the lever and everything connected therewith are heavily charged with electricity, even to the tin roof of the cab. By touching either, the engineer receives a severe electrical shock. At night it seems more highly charged than during the day, and the light or current of electricity can be seen passing along the upper works of the engine. Sometimes, when she is standing still, and escaping steam, the report is similar to the explosion of fire crackers or percussion caps. She throws off small globules resembling oxide of iron, in considerable quantities. What is singular, there are 25 engines of the same make, and 16 as near alike this as can be made, in use upon this road, and none of the others have any appearance of being electrified.

PECULIAR NATURE OF ALLOYS.—The strength or cohesion of alloys is in general greatly superior to that of any of the metals of which they are composed. All nice attempts at proportion are, however, entirely futile, unless the metals are perfectly pure; for example, it is a matter of common observation that, for speculums, a variable quantity of from seven and a half to eight and a half ounces of tin is required for the exact saturation of every pound of copper, and upon which saturation the efficiency of the compound depends. Bells of exactly similar quality sometimes thus require the dose of tin to vary from three and a half to five ounces to the pound of copper, according to the qualities of the metals. When the copper becomes two, and the tin one part, the alloy is so hard as not to admit of being cut with steel tools, but crumbles under their action; when struck with a hammer, or even suddenly warmed, it flies into pieces like glass, and clearly shows a structure highly crystalline, instead of malleable. The alloy has no trace of the red colors of the copper, but it is quite white; susceptible of an exquisite polish, and being but little disposed to tarnish, it is most perfectly adapted to the reflecting specula of telescopes and other instruments, for which purpose it is alone used.

[From the Arabic.]

### THE RAJAH AND THE BRAHMIN.

BY EDWARD C. JONES.

A Rajah from his ivory chest,
Removed his jewelled sandal,
'Twas sent a tribute to his rank,
From golden Coromandel.
"With this I'll press the earth," said he,
"And then the light shall quiver,
The rainbow shall attend on me,
Beside our Ganges river."

A Brahmin o'er his Shaster pored,
And as he pored he wondered;
His heart was with its wisdom stored,
And deep its truth he pondered
"I'll bind these jewels round my mind,
And they shall still befriend me,
And when the light from Vishnu shines,
The rainbow shall attend me."

Who was the wisest now, my child,
The Rajah or the Brahmin,
Who in his search for heavenly truth,
His baser sense was calming?
He who, inflated with his pride,
Gazed on his jewelled sandal,
Or he whose wisdom shamed the wealth
Of golden Coromandel?

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE SECOND PLAYER.

"I said I would tell you my story. Well, to begin, I was born in this town of Burnton, something less than sixty years ago. My father was a small tradesman, and sent me to the best school he could afford till I was a little over thirteen. I used to recite on the public days in the school, and repeat Latin and Greek orations, of which the meaning was not a little obscure even to me: what it must have been to my hearers I don't know. My father took me away from the school to the shop. He was a tailor. It worried me to death to sit hour after hour, stitch, stitch, stitch; and I used to beguile the time by reciting and reading to the few men my father employed, and they did my share of the work in return for the amusement I afforded them.

"At the age of fourteen I took part in some private theatricals in the town, and found the bustle of preparation much more pleasant than the dull shop work. They went off well, and when next the players came to the town I went to the manager and asked him to take me. He laughed, for I was fit for nothing. Of course I was too big for a page, and too little for a man-at-arms; too young for a first, second, or even third lover; and too old for any accidental boy parts. I was disappointed, but I soon had to leave the then detested shop. My father was of rather a serious turn. He heard of my going to the manager, and locked me up, then about sixteen, and fed me on bread and water. This was rather too bad, so I took French leave, and when the bread and water came one morning there was no one to eat it. I was pleased to find myself with a pair of socks and a clean shirt wrapt up in a handkerchief, about to face the world, and try to wring the hard held honors from stern fortune's hands. Still, I was young then. I need scarcely tell you that sitting here I often regretted that fine May morning's work that took me from home.

"I went to one town after another, and at each sought out the manager of the theatre, and tried hard to get in as anything. It was no use; my voice was not yet set or certain. 'Why, young sir,' said one to me, 'you are as slim as a girl, and if you were to make love in the one you've been talking to me, the people would insist that I had made a girl play the lover's part. I'd take you, but you are no use to me at all; two years hence you may come again, and I may talk to you.'

"I felt it was true, but still wanted to be in a theatre, so I entered a travelling circus company as holder and ring raker. I kept at it for eighteen months, and then the manager joined another in the regular acting line. Now was my chance. They wanted a lover, and wanted him to ride; their first lover could no more sit on a horse than a sack could; the first lady saw him once, and said she should die with laughing if he came on; so I offered. I did well, and thought I was on the road to fortune; I felt that Kemble and the rest of the great actors were only the same men as I was, with better chances. That is more than forty years ago, though. I'm wiser now.

"After this success I became first gentleman in that company, and remained so for some years. The manager took the leading parts, so I had no chance. I had changed my name, first, as Gowling did not look well on the bill, and next, because I did not want to hurt my poor old father's feelings more than I could help—I took the name of Alphonsus Montague. It looked well on the bills, I used to think at one time. Somebody, I forget who, says, 'What is a name?' I know there is a good deal in a name when it's on the playbills; and the public being judge, Alphonsus Montague was better than James Gowling, for it drew better houses.

"In the company there was a young girl who took second lady. I don't say I fell in love. The constant exercising of the imitative power in delineating the passion, weakens, I think, the power of feeling it as other men feel it. I liked her; she was good, industrious, and rising in the profession, and I married her. There never was a better woman lived, and she had her reward. I don't suppose that there ever was a woman more respected in any company. I never had even a row about her but once, and then a man had been very insolent to her; she came and told me just as I came off as Macduff in Macbeth. I went to the manager and told him that the man must leave the place at once. The manager said it was impossible; he was a son of the noble owner of half the town; his father was then in the house; these things must be endured. I said that they should not be endured, and that, if he would not protect the ladies in the company, I should take the liberty of protecting my wife.'

"And how did it end?"

"Why, I went to the little beast, titled as he was, and kicked him out at the stage door, I did, sir, though you would not think it to look at me now."

"And the manager?"

"Came and thanked me. Said he was much obliged to me; he had more annoyance from the complaints of the girls about that fellow than any other cause. He raised mine and my wife's salary that same week.

"We went on very well for some time. I began to find I was not a star. Once or twice I went up to London and heard some of the best men, and found that I could not equal them. I don't know a more painful sensation, sir, than that attendant on the discovery of the limit of your powers. Every man, not blinded by conceit, who is over thirty, must have felt this. There is a limit to our powers; other men have more, some less, but still it is very painful to feel conscious that the eminence that the man has attained to whom you are listening to is beyond you. Young men—very young men—feel that what man has done they can do. It does not last. Most men at thirty know their pace well enough to tell them that they will be in the ruck of the wheel of life.

"Well, some few years after I was married, the conviction came to me; I knew I could never be a star—a great actor. It was not in me. I was simply a respectable one. I could take any part, and do that part so that I was not laughed at; but there I was stopped. I could go no further. I never could raise the enthusiasm of my audience. They listened, and did not disapprove; but when I played a leading part the boxes did not let and the pit was not full. I could not help it, you know. I can safely say I never went on without knowing every word of my part. I was always correct, and in the second and third parts did well. Stars liked me. They used to come down for benefits occasionally, and used to say, 'Let me have Gowling with me; he's a safe man—never too forward—no clap-trap with him: he's not showy, but he's safe.' Now, you see, praise is a good thing, but when a man has dreamed for ten years or so that he is to be a star in the theatrical world, it is rather hard to wake up and find a star of no very great magnitude telling him he's a very good background to show a star's light. Ah! me—those hopes of youth—how the large bud brings forth the little flower."

"Still, Mr. Gowling, it was something not to have failed utterly. There must be back grounds, you know, and there must be second parts as well as first."

"True, sir, true; and human nature soon adapts itself to circumstances. Three months after I knew I was no genius the ambition to be one left me. I was content to do my part and enjoy life. I had four children—three boys and one girl. That's her child—poor little thing." And he stroked the head of little Alice caressingly, while she played with the buttons on his coat.

"The boys, of course, we tried to make useful in the profession. Christmas was a family harvest; all were busy then, all making money. You know that the profession is not favorable to health. The excitement, particularly to children, soon wears them out. I know, often and often, I've seen my boys as imps, and that kind of thing, and felt the life was too fast for them. Late at night, to go from the hot theatre into the cold night air was a sad trial to the constitution; and children are not old men. You cannot persuade boys of twelve and fourteen that they ought to wrap their throats, and not run out into the cold at night. We could not, and we lost two of the three boys within a year of each other. Lung diseases, the doctor said. It carries off a good many of these children, you see, in the Christmas pantomimes. I often wonder whether the house thinks of those kinds of things."

"And the other children?"

"The boy left our company when he was about eighteen, and joined another as second gentleman. He was as good an actor as his father, and no better. He thought he was a genius, poor boy, as his father had thought before him. He had no experience to teach him, as he thought he was all used, and left us."

"And what became of him?"

"At first we used to hear from him now and then; then there was a long silence, and his mother worried herself dreadfully about him. One night I had been playing a country gentleman in a screaming farce, as the bills call it; for in a small company you are a king, a warrior, and a fool—all in one evening; so my wife had gone home, and when I arrived, came to the door to let me in."

"Don't be frightened, dear; here's Alfred come back."

"I went up, and there he was; but what a wreck! His eyes bloodshot, his hand trembling, and a hot, red spot on his cheek."

"Well father, how are you?"

"I did not answer; I sat down and cried. He tried hard to keep from it, but couldn't; he come and knelt down in front of me, covered his face with his hands, and cried like a child. His mother, poor soul, clung round his neck and kissed him and cried till I was beside myself. He told his story. He had made a mistake. He thought himself a great actor. Managers didn't; the public backed the managers, and were right, too. He could not stand the disappointment; had no wife, as his father had, to console him, and he took the actor's curse—drink. He sank lower and lower, became ill, could do nothing, and just crawled home to die.

"One night I had just come off, when I was told some one wanted me at the stage door. I went, and found the girl of the house where he lodged. She wanted me to come directly; I was wanted at once. Mr. Alfred was very ill. Our manager had his benefit that night, and we had one of the first-rate London men down as 'Hamlet.' I was dressed as the 'Ghost.' I forgot all my dress, then, and rushed home; it was too late—poor Alfred was gone! He lay his head in his mother's arms; she was dressed as the 'Queen,' and was weeping hot, silent tears, that fell on my boy's face, one by one. His sister sunk on her knees by the bedside as I entered, and the people of the house were standing looking on. I shall never forget it—never."

"I was roused by a touch on the shoulder. A message from the theatre."

"Manager says he should be glad if you could come back."

"Look here, Jennings, do you think I can?"

"Not to do anything, sir; but you might see him, perhaps it would be better."

"I left them and went back, saw the manager and told him; and, though it was his benefit night, he said he would read both parts himself."

"I am sorry for you—very sorry; if I can do anything for you, let me know."

"We buried the poor boy, and then went on as before. His mother never recovered the blow, and gradually sunk, and about six months after his death could no longer take her parts. So Alice and I had to do our best. I noticed that a young fellow had been rather attentive to her, and was not surprised when he took me aside and told me he wanted to make her his wife. He was just such another as I had been myself at his age. I thought it better to see her the wife of a respectable actor than remain single behind the scenes, for she was a good girl. Well, they married and remained in the company. I was getting old, you see, then, and it was some comfort to see her with some one to take care of her. Soon after she married, her mother died, and I laid in the grave beside her son one of the best women that ever lived. I was alone now, and old, for the wear and tear of an actor's life, and the late hours tell on the strongest constitution. It was something awful, the change from the light and glare and noise of the theatre to the silence and quiet of my poor room. Just then, too, the company was broken up, and, at the age I was then, it was a serious thing for me. We all three tried to keep together, but it was no use. Those who wanted an old man did not want a second lady, or a third gentleman, and so we were divided. I went on circuit as an old man with very poor pay, as much as I was worth though, I dare say, for I was getting feeble, and 'Speak up, old 'un!' was the salute I heard from the galleries, directly I opened my mouth.

"I heard from Alice every week, and saved her letters for Sundays, for the day was long and dull to me. I could not make new friends. The young pitied me, and I was proud then, and loved not pity;' so I was a lonely man.

"Alice's husband died. I don't remember now how it was, but he died, and she told me it was just after this little one was born. I quite longed to see her, but she could not come, and I could not go, so we only wrote to each other. I have all her letters now, poor girl. She came to see me once afterward, and was looking ill and flagged; and soon after that visit our company was broken up again.

"I tried hard to get a new engagement, travelled from place to place, spent all the little I had saved, and then was laid up at a place some fifty miles from here. They took me from the inn to the Union when the money was gone; and after a deal of waiting and grumbling they brought me here. I little thought when a boy I used to get the nests out of this tree, that I should end my days here, an old, worn-out pauper. You know where it says, 'There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may.' I often said that on the stage. I feel it now." And the old man mused in silence.

"And your daughter?"

"Alice? She died in this house not two years ago, poor child."

"Here, do you mean?"

"Yes—there in that room." And he pointed to a window in the back part of the house. "That one, where the sun shines on it through the trees."

"Of what did she die? She was young."

"The same disease that carried off her brother—consumption. She knew I was here, and spent her last money in coming, and the doctor, good fellow as he is, would have her in here. She lingered on for about a fortnight up there, then died one evening at sunset, holding my hand, and the child lying on her breast. Poor girl! she looked so beautiful in her coffin. Ah! I've outlived them all but this little one." And the old man looked fondly on the child, and stroked her head with his lean shrivelled hand. "It's rather sad to see them all gone—all—wife, sons, and Alice, all gone. Poor Alice!" And the old pauper's eyes were full of the slow-coming tears of age.

### SENSATIONS OF TAKING CHLOROFORM.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Weekly Mirror gives the following vivid description of the sensations he felt while under the intoxication of chloroform, in which he had been placed for the purpose of having a sliver of iron extracted from his eye:

"My last sane recollection is of the surgeon applying the handkerchief to my mouth; then the room began to magnify to gigantic proportions; a common lamp was transformed to a candelabrum, more luminous and costly than ever lighted the grandest cathedral in the world. The surgeon became a giant of prodigious magnitude, holding a huge, gleaming knife, with a single blow of which he might have severed me. The sound of voices in the room seemed like the clamorings of a vast multitude during the burning of a city, and a sign-board, screeching outside, conveyed the idea of a furious mob collected in the street for my execution. On entering the room I had noticed a large cat sitting asleep on a shelf, which turned its head lazily toward me and then resumed its slumbers; this creature became a hideous, vampire-like monster, with great fiery eyes, and with fangs and claws like what were fabled to belong to the griffin, walking round, and blowing fetid breath on me, and pressing its frightful paws on my breast. But the worst of all was a collection of gigantic men sharpening instruments for my dissection; I could hear the whirring of the stone and the shrieking of the highly-tempered knives as the grinders laughed at the intended dissection. One was more jocose and heartless than the rest; he was my implacable enemy; we had quarrelled and fought about a schoolmate love. Presently I felt their keen knives at every joint; I shrieked and screamed, blasphemed and besought my tormentors, but still the instruments hissed through my quivering flesh and grated along every bone. I am satisfied that all these emotions were experienced within a moment after the first inhalation which began the process of stupefaction. So swift are the evolutions of thought when sense is subdued, and when the phantom monarch of dreams leads the soul through the endless avenues, swifter in its journeying than the short-lived fire which falls from the womb of an overburdened cloud.

"But a gradual revolution of mental perception succeeded; those frightful spectres began to recede; the men and knives began to diminish; the